

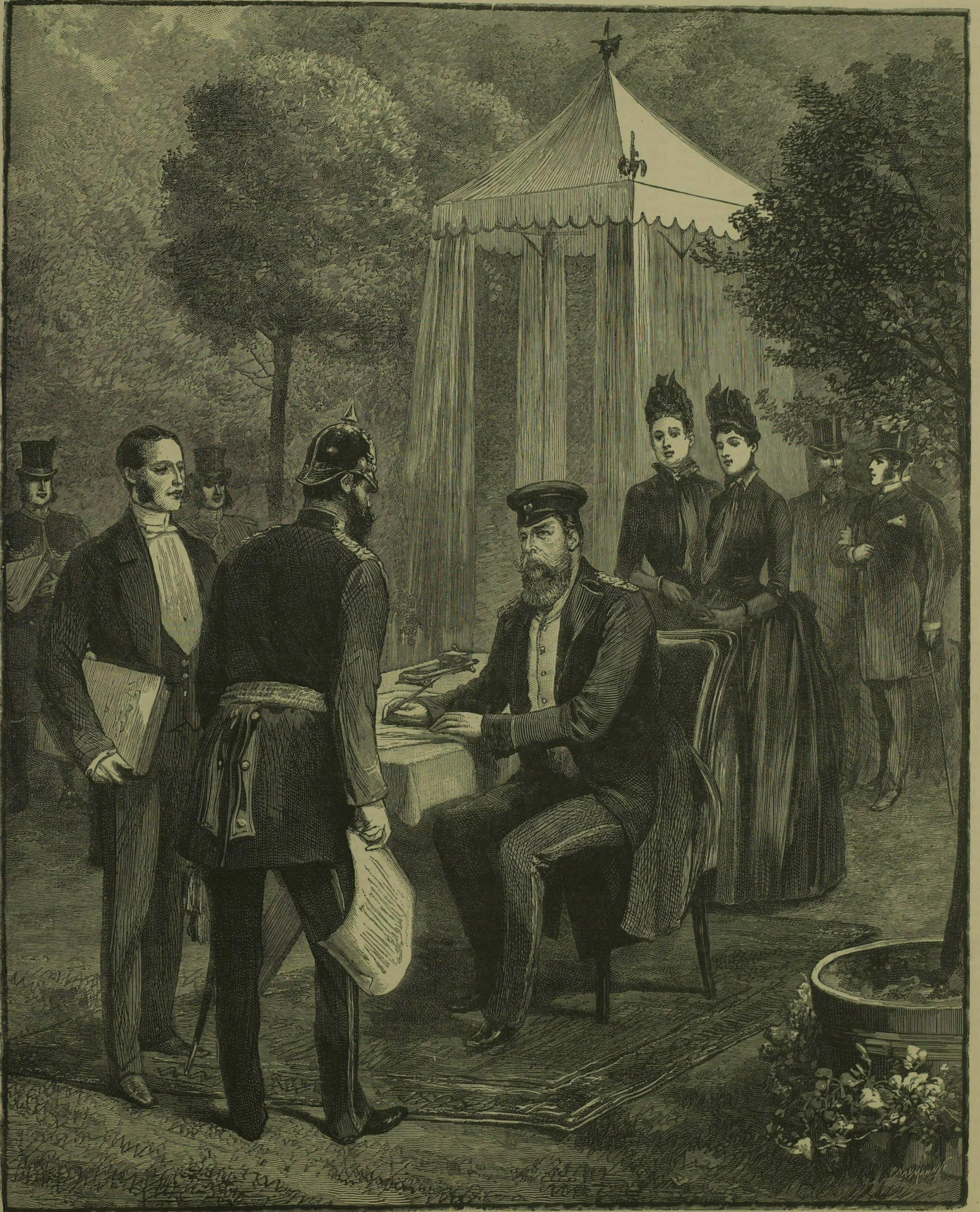
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THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S SUMMER TENT IN THE PARK OF CHARLOTTENBURG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A writer on ladies' clubs, in a magazine this month, has made us wish for more. She has confined herself too much to the material aspects of the subject, which, I am glad to read, are encouraging. It seems hard, indeed, that ladies should have nowhere to go for a modest lunch in London, except that depressing back parlour at the pastrycook's, while their male relatives have a Meeting-House (though not exactly a "Zion") which, compared with their own houses, is to many of them a palace. I am all for the ladies in this matter, as in all others; but I want to know what they do in their clubs. About this, in the article in question, there is (as Bradshaw sometimes complains) "no information." What men tell one about ladies' clubs is, of course, utterly untrustworthy. In those to which gentlemen are not admitted, they affirm, the members are bored to death. I am too old to dress in girl's clothes and ascertain this for myself. I should be found out in a moment. But I want to know. Where gentlemen and ladies are both admitted, men hint that, sooner or later, some lady—to borrow the charmingly exclusive phrase of one of the prospectuses—"who has been, or would probably be, precluded from attending her Majesty's Drawing-rooms," is sure to get in, and then there is a row. I don't believe one word of this. I have been occasionally a guest in one of these admirable institutions, and if there was a fault to be found with it, it was its stupendous respectability. It was like going to church (as I often do) on a week day. The men were few and not gay—certainly not gay Lotharios: they gave me the impression of being there on sufferance, and slightly but distinctly sat upon. What is wanted is some female Michael Angelo Titmarsh to describe life at a lady's club. Does one lady monopolise all the papers, and another the fire, standing with her back to it, as Brown and Jones do in our clubs? Do they steal one another's parasols? Do they abuse the waitresses? Do they play whist in the afternoons? Is there a billiard-room? Is there a smo— No, of course there isn't; but this total absence of information makes one suspect things. They had much better tell us what really does happen.

It is pleasant to know that Royal personages—when, at least, they become authors—are like ordinary literary mortals, or even "more so." In the lately published account of the Queen of Roumania's visit to England, what seems to have struck her most was the emotion exhibited by Kingsley on her reading to him one of her own poems. "Tears came into his bright blue eyes, and a sob burst from him." Was it, I wonder, before or after he became tutor to a Royal Highness? If the former, it was very creditable to him; he must have been a born courtier. "The moment I take my pen in hand," says her Majesty, "my own thoughts stream forth, and it is difficult for me to sing those of others." Her experience is here exceptional, for most poets find it difficult to avoid plagiarism. On the other hand, she affirms that when she has an idea "it never leaves me alone till it is written; and then I forget it so completely that I do not recognise it": a circumstance which must cause some risk, one would think, of that literary peril known as "repeating oneself." It is but fair to say that the Queen of Roumania writes very pretty poems, which even bear the test of translation, to judge by those so gracefully rendered by Mr. John Eliot Bowen, of New York; and as to these little touches of vanity, they seem to me to be pretty, too. "Golden lads and laddies must, like chimney-sweepers, come to dust," and it is not less natural that when Kings and Queens condescend to be poets, that they should share the weakness of the calling.

It used to be one of Lord Lytton's favourite themes that on his appointment to the Foreign Office he caused inquiries to be made as to whether there was really any nation to be found without some conception of a Deity. The replies were in the negative; but the inquiries were probably not made in countries that were already partially civilised. It now appears the Japanese have no religion; what they once had was only superficial—japanned—and has worn away. It is now proposed by their intellectual leaders that Christianity should be adopted; though, certainly, for rather unusual reasons. Professor Toyama, of the Imperial University, expresses himself with what may be thought an excessive frankness in this matter. "We Japanese," he says, "have no taste for religion whatever, and it is impossible we shall ever become a religious people." M. Kato, president of the University, confirms this view, and confesses his own personal dislike to all religions; M. Fukuyawa, the most popular Japanese writer, agrees with them. But they all think it is for the good of the nation that it should believe something or another; and Christianity "seems to be the creed of the most highly civilised nations." This is scarcely the language of missionary enterprise. The benefits these learned and accomplished gentlemen expect from the national conversion is also peculiar:—(I.) The improvement of music; (II.) the union of sentiment and feeling; (III.) the provision of a medium of intercourse between men and women. If there is nothing new under the sun there are still things left to astonish those of us who are not philosophers.

Ivat Rex, which used to be the motto of the Cornish folk, seems to be now adopted in the Baltic. The *Novosti* informs us that not only have false light-houses been erected on its coasts, but even harbours with false light-houses. This is an unlooked-for development of that Russian civilisation of which we hear so much. The proverb, "Any port in a storm," must now have the reservation, "except in the Gulf of Finland," which is the scene of these deceptive havens. In days when a Czar was not afraid to travel in his own dominions, it was a happy thought of his courtiers to "run up" model villages, full of "happy countrymen," to greet his eyes, and assure him of the general prosperity of the people under his paternal rule. The downward path of duplicity is easy: if

sham villages, says the Russian, why not sham light-houses? In the latter case, moreover, there is much more to be got by it. The wreckers will not be the only gainers by this device, but—though the wretches never thought of *that*—Romance also. It is wrong to think of "copy" in the presence of such flagrant immorality, but what a splendid finale is thus suggested for a sea story! A ship full of scoundrels, and their wicked gains, is caught in a tempest; all seems lost; when suddenly the harbour lights appear; repentance vanishes, succeeded by insolent triumph; each promises himself a life of voluptuous ease; then, quite unexpectedly, the whole concern (put in maritime language) goes to pieces. I make a present of this excellent idea to Mr. Clark Russell.

"I am glad I'm copped," said Mr. Jackson, when he fell into the hands of the myrmidons of the Law. Upon which text several lay-sermons have been delivered on the effect of remorse upon gentlemen of his class. In my opinion, this now historic phrase should not have been quoted without its context: "I have had a hard time of it lately." This latter reflection, I believe, is what most persons in Mr. Jackson's position mean by their remorse: their sorrow is not for the crime, but for its consequences. In the case of offences that fall short of murder, though they are often infinitely more disastrous, and sometimes morally worse, it is certainly so. The swindling banker comfortably located at Stockholm, in a society of his fellow-countrymen, the grades of which, I am told, are peculiar—the highest circles having "gone in" for upwards of £100,000 and the lowest being mere pilferers of £10,000 odd—is not disturbed by widows' moans and orphans' groans; but if he is where extradition is possible, he is full of regret and pity—for his own perilous position. The idea of discovery and arrest is never absent from his mind. He hears "the voice we cannot hear" (saying "I arrest you for forgery"), he "sees the hand we cannot see" (taking hold of his shoulder) every hour in the day; but it is not the voice or the hand of Conscience, but of personal apprehension (literally apprehension). He is glad to be "copped"—though it is noticeable that he very rarely anticipates that pleasure by giving himself up—because he has such a bad time of it, and not at all because he has imitated another gentleman's handwriting. Yet if some habitual criminal who has been beating his fellow-creatures within an inch of their lives, ever since he could handle a bludgeon, goes beyond the inch and kills a fellow creature, we imagine him prostrated with remorse. A more absurd idea was never entertained than that this sort of creature appreciates in the least degree "the sacredness of human life." The case of a sentimental person, like Eugene Aram, for example, who thinks he can commit a murder and "have done with it," is wholly different: the deed itself haunts him, and gives him bad nights; though it is to be observed that if he murders one or two more people his insomnia disappears, and he recovers his appetite. As for Mr. William Sykes being troubled by Nancy's eyes, I never believed one word of it. If you had put the question to him, I could anticipate his contemptuous reply exactly, though I decline to write it down. The opponents of capital punishment are such excellent people themselves that they cannot understand the feelings of *Messieurs les assassins*. Ask any prison warder how many days' purchase he thinks his life would be worth if a "lifer" could not be hung for taking it; for what is very remarkable, your ruffian is sensitive about the sacredness of human life when it is his own, but in no other case, believe me. Mr. Jackson, of course, may not be found guilty of murder; but I object to any person of his class being represented as influenced by the sentimental emotions because he sings "The Thorn" and the "Pilgrim of Love" so touchingly. Gifted with such an "organ," if he had only thought of blacking his face and assuming the guise of a nigger minstrel, he would not now have been "languishing in chains."

A remarkable public dinner was given the other day in Paris, from which we may with advantage take a lesson. There was not, perhaps, quite so much conversation as is desirable—indeed, for Frenchmen, the company were unusually taciturn. Even the toasts were drunk in silence, as though they had been a tribute to somebody's memory; this may be thought to be carrying a virtue a little too far; but, on the other hand, there was no speechifying. Think of a public dinner without the tediousness of public speaking! All seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely, and interchanged their sentiments, both at table and afterwards, without that confused babble which so often accompanies similar entertainments. If a disagreeable remark came to the tip of the tongue, in no case did it get any farther. "How," one may well ask, "was all this accomplished?" The guests were deaf mutes; they proved themselves good trenchermen, but the sentiment of the evening (there were no songs) was "Fingers were made before forks!" The entertainment was so successful that next year it will be made an international one. Diversity of language will be no obstacle, for deaf mutes have a Volapük all their own.

Algeria may be an excellent spot for a health-resort, but, like most other places with the same attractive title, it has its disagreeables. Among the most recent "arrivals" there, we are told, is a swarm of locusts, travelling "in a compact mass upwards of twelve miles in length and six in breadth." I was in hopes that someone would have been so good as to "take a quarter of a mile off" these locusts, but it seems it could not be done. The hotel keepers protest that such a thing has not happened for twenty years; but, since it has happened, they make the best of it. Visitors are requested to observe the hieroglyphic upon the forehead of these interesting creatures, and "its double pair of wings, one of which, when reposing, it keeps furled beneath it, like a vessel at anchor." Tourists and others with a taste for information may welcome these phenomena; but, for my part, rather than Algiers with its locusts and coffee, give me Margate with its shrimps and tea. What is most surprising, by-the-by, is that nobody has descanted upon locusts as an edible. "Locusts and wild honey" is something more than proverbial; but what a lot of honey would be required for "twelve miles by six" of locusts! Let us hope that the bees in Algeria swarm in proportion.

THE COURT.

The Queen received on Friday, June 15, the mournful news of the death, that morning, of the German Emperor; and orders were issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office on the day following for the Court to go into mourning until July 28. In the Court Circular, the Queen alludes to the deep grief with which she and the Royal family received the mournful news of the loss of a "noble and beloved relative." The officers of the Army and Navy are to wear black crape on the arm till July 7; and a general mourning for fourteen days has been ordered. Special funeral services in memory of the late Emperor Frederick were held on Monday, June 18, in the private chapel at Balmoral; St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and Westminster Abbey. The Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and the members of the Royal household were present at the Balmoral service. The Aberdeen Madrigal Choir, conducted by Mr. John Kirkby, sang, at the commencement and conclusion of the service, "Lead, kindly Light"; and "Blessed are the departed," from "The Last Judgment," by Spohr. Salutes of sixty minute guns were fired at the Tower of London, St. James's Park, and Aldershot; and everywhere signs of mourning were visible. The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, has left Balmoral for Windsor Castle.—Wednesday, June 20, was her Majesty's accession day, she having succeeded to the throne on June 20, 1837, on the death of her uncle, King William IV. Her Majesty has consequently reigned over the United Kingdom for fifty-one years. The Queen was crowned in Westminster Abbey, June 28, 1838; and proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi, Jan. 7, 1877.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor left London on Saturday, June 16, to attend the funeral of the late Emperor Frederick. They arrived at Berlin next morning, being received at the railway station by Prince Leopold of Prussia and Sir Edward and Lady Malet and the staff of the British Embassy. The Prince and Princess and Prince Albert Victor lunched with the Emperor William and Empress on June 19. Their Royal Highnesses previously visited the Grand Duke and Duchess and the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Empress Augusta, the Dowager Empress Victoria, and the Imperial Princesses. The *Standard* correspondent at Berlin telegraphs as follows:—"In response to an invitation from the Emperor William, the Prince and Princess of Wales went out to Potsdam at noon on June 19 to take luncheon with his Majesty at the Marble Palace. It is, perhaps, not generally known that this is the first visit the Princess of Wales has made to the German capital and Potsdam. Her presence here, albeit in connection with the melancholy event which has prematurely deprived Germany of her second Emperor and made the Empress Victoria a widow, has been a source of much gratification in all circles here. The Princess's grace, beauty, and amiability have made a great impression wherever she has appeared."

MOURNING FOR THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Some confusion seeming to exist on the subject of the General Mourning ordered by the Queen for the late German Emperor, the *Daily News* gives some particulars on the subject:—

It is to last for a fortnight only from the date of the order, which was Saturday, June 16, the fourteen days expiring on June 30. The Army and Navy are to wear mourning bands of crape on the arm when in uniform for three weeks. Court mourning, however, is to last till July 28, the lighter phase to be adopted on July 7. For the first three weeks, black dresses must be worn by the ladies of the Court. Their shoes must be either black or white, and the gloves must be of the latter negative tint. No jewels may be worn, only plain gold or silver ornaments. After July 7 grey or white dresses will be admissible, on condition that all the etceteras worn with them, such as ribbons, flowers, feathers, and ornaments, are black. If the dress be black, coloured additions, in the shape of fans and jewellery, will be correct.

The general mourning need follow no lines so strict as these. Complimentary mourning is never very deep. Black dresses may be relieved by touches of white or grey in the bonnet or hat. White ties at the neck need not be abandoned. Grey dresses without any touch of black cannot be considered mourning. There must be some decided note of the sombre colour. The hat or bonnet may be sufficient to produce the requisite effect, but it would be well to carry out the mourning note by wearing black gloves, and adding a flow of black ribbons to the grey or white gown. Some persons in donning general mourning make the rather absurd mistake of wearing crape. Only relatives of the illustrious dead need do this. Even at Court crape is not worn.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Earl of Buckinghamshire with Georgiana Wilhelmina, only child of the Hon. Duncan and Mrs. Mercer-Henderson, of Fordell, in the county of Fife, and niece of the Earl of Camperdown, took place in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on June 13. The Hon. Ronald C. Jervis was the best man; and the bridesmaids were Lady Albinia and Lady Vere Hobart-Hampden, sisters of the bridegroom, and the Hon. Margaret Littleton and Miss Cholmeley, cousins of the bride. The bride was led to the altar by her father, who gave her away.

The marriage of Captain Philip Green with Mabel Emilie, eldest daughter of Lady Scott and the late Sir Edward Henry Scott, Bart., took place in St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, on June 19. Colonel A. Fife acted as Captain Green's best man, and the six bridesmaids were Miss Annie and Miss Mary Scott, sisters of the bride, Lady Clementine Pratt, the Hon. Julia Stonor, the Hon. Violet Lane-Fox, and Miss M. Buckworth.

The marriage of M. Gabriel Salanson, sometime Third Secretary of the French Legation, Washington, with Miss Flora Sackville-West, second daughter of Sir Lionel Sackville-West, her Britannic Majesty's Minister to the United States of America, was solemnised on June 18 in the English Church of the Passionists, Avenue Hoche, Paris. Owing to the death of the Emperor Frederick the ceremony was of a private character. The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father. She was charmingly attired in a splendid silk wedding-dress, with a flowing veil and orange-blossoms. The Earl of Lytton, British Ambassador to the French Republic, who succeeded Sir Lionel Sackville-West as First Secretary of the Embassy in Paris in 1874, was present at the ceremony.

Mr. William Henry Melvill, solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue, and Mr. Thomas Galt, Chief Justice of Common Pleas, Ontario, have been knighted.

The Duke of Cambridge on June 19 laid the foundation-stone of the West Ham Hospital, which has been designed for the accommodation of thirty-two inmates. His Royal Highness was presented with an address from the corporation of the borough, in acknowledging which he observed that the enormous growth of the population in the East-End had rendered this extension of hospital provision imperative.

FUNERAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR FREDERICK.

The death of this estimable man, beloved and honoured in England and in Germany, the son-in-law of our own Queen, the Prince who a few months since, already suffering from a fatal malady, was raised by the decease of his aged father to the Sovereign rank of King of Prussia and Emperor of Federal Germany, occupies, with some comments on his life, part of the Supplements to our present publication. His funeral, at Potsdam, on Monday, June 18, was not attended with the great pomp that accompanied the Emperor William I. from the Domkirche at Berlin to the Royal Mausoleum in the Park of Charlottenburg; it was simply the mourning of a Royal family and a Court, with the silent sympathy of the city and of the nation, and of the whole civilised world, for the loss of one of the best Princes, one of the worthiest to reign, one of the noblest examples of manhood in an exalted station, that this generation has beheld.

The question which has been so long discussed, and on which the opinions of eminent scientific pathologists were divided, regarding the precise nature of his disease, seems now to be settled by a communication, which is believed to emanate from Professor Virchow, stating the results of the postmortem examination. It says that, in addition to the cancer of the larynx, there developed itself in the later stage of the disease gangrenous inflammation of the mucous membrane, which produced gangrenous affections of the bronchial tubes, and finally of the lungs.

The Emperor died, on Friday, June 15, shortly after eleven in the forenoon, at one of the Royal palaces at Potsdam, formerly called "the New Palace," but which recently obtained the name of "Schloss Friedrichskron," to which he was removed on June 7, travelling in a steam-launch on the rivers Spree and Havel, from Charlottenburg, near Berlin. Potsdam, sixteen miles west of Berlin, is a town of 50,000 people, the Windsor or Versailles of Prussia, owing its dignity and importance to the stately and beautiful residences of historic Royalty. It is situated on a part of the river which expands into several pretty lakes, with many small islands, above and below the town, and the woodland parks that surround it present an agreeable diversity of verdant landscapes, in some measure the result of artificial design. The old Schloss or Palace, erected between 1660 and 1700, stands in the town close to the bridge shown in our View of Potsdam, with the Parade-ground and Lustgarten, the Guards' barracks, and the Hofkirche, the Garrison Church, close at hand. Beyond it rises the high dome of St. Nicholas' Church. Outside the town, to the west, extends the Park of Sans Souci, the celebrated palace built by King Frederick II. (Frederick the Great) after his first Silesian war in 1744. This palace, an edifice of vast length, but only one storey high, with a low central dome, is approached by six raised terraces with broad flights of steps, and its front is adorned with rows of vases and statues, and a colonnade. It has large gardens around it, with a long covered orangery, a lofty belvedere, a Chinese tower, a curious and picturesque old windmill, fountains and basins of water, and some artificial ruins. Within the limits of the park, to the south-west, is the Charlottenhof, a Pompeian villa, built by King Frederick William IV. Near the eastern entrance, from the town, stands the Friedenskirche, the church in which that King and his Queen were entombed, and which has now received the body of the late Emperor Frederick. The Palace of Friedrichskron, at the western end of the main road across the Park of Sans Souci, near the Charlottenhof and the Wild Park, was built also by Frederick the Great, during six years after the close of the Seven Years' War, being completed in 1769. It is an immense edifice of brick, with projecting wings, a long façade ornamented with stone pilasters, and a dome in the centre. The interior is sumptuously magnificent; one large room, the "Muschelsaal," has its walls, from floor to ceiling, encrusted all over with shells of every variety of form and hue, intermixed with pieces of crystal, jasper, amber, and cornelian, in elegant patterns, and with real or imitation emeralds and rubies. The floor and walls of the great hall are laid with red and white marble. The apartments which were occupied by the late Emperor and Empress are in the northern part of the palace, on the ground floor. His Majesty's bed-room was at the front. It is a large, airy room, and is lighted by two high windows, which reach to the ground. The walls are covered with crimson damask and gold lace. The white windows and doors, richly gilded, are in accordance with the rococo character of the room. Numerous pictures in broad gold frames, and some masterpieces of Berlin porcelain, complete the decorations. One of the windows forms a glass door, which leads to a narrow terrace. A large room adjacent was reserved for the physicians and surgeons to hold their conferences in. Behind the bed-room is the Imperial study, looking into the garden down the principal avenue which leads from Potsdam. The rooms that were occupied by the medical gentlemen are close to the Royal apartments in the inner south wing, where Prince Henry, the brother of Frederick the Great, once lived. They are full of paintings by Italian and French masters. The room Sir Morell Mackenzie occupied is the same in which the present Emperor was born. Costly silk tapestry with a Chinese pattern covers the walls, on which are hung the portraits of the Imperial family. In one corner is a water-colour painting which shows the room as it was at the time of the present Emperor's birth.

The funeral, on Monday morning, was conducted with simple solemnity. The widowed Empress Victoria and her daughters were not present. Prince Bismarck also was not well enough to attend the ceremony. The Empress Augusta, mother of the late Emperor, seated in her chair, saw the coffin borne away from the Friedrichskron Palace. The new Emperor and Empress, with their three little boys, the King of Saxony, the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Grand Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg were among the chief mourners. These, and many of the German Princes, and several of the Prussian Ministers of State, with the high officials of the Court, assembled in the Hall of Shells and in the Jasper Gallery, which were illuminated with wax tapers, soon after nine o'clock in the morning. The coffin was placed on a bier in the Jasper Gallery, where Field-Marshal Von Blumenthal, carrying the Imperial banner, stood behind the tabourets supporting the Imperial and Royal insignia. The members of the Imperial family and other distinguished mourners appeared shortly before ten, and occupied chairs in front of the coffin; behind them were the Prussian Ministers. Just before the service commenced the Empress Augusta was wheeled in, in an arm-chair, next to the Empress, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. The cathedral choir sang Bach's motet, "Bald ruft Du mich zu höheren Freuden," and the chorale, "Jesus meine Zuversicht." The Court Chaplain, Dr. Kögel, offered up a prayer, and blessed the remains, all present being deeply affected. The chorale, "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden" ended the service. Then, while all the regimental

bands played the chorale, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the coffin was raised by twelve Colonels of the late Emperor's Bodyguard, and was carried to the funeral car in front of the palace. The troops there drawn up in military array presented arms, saluting the remains of the deceased Emperor.

The procession was then formed, and moved forward to the muffled beat of drums. The Knights of the Order of the Black Eagle walked on each side of the car, close behind which was led the late Emperor's charger. Next came the Emperor William, Prince Henry, the King of Saxony, the Prince of Wales, and the Grand Duke of Baden; and following them the other Princes, the late Emperor's Ministers, deputations from foreign regiments, members of the Federal Council, the Presidents of the Reichstag and Prussian Diet, and deputations from German towns. The Generals of the army were headed by Field-Marshal Count Von Moltke, who walked alone, carrying his Marshal's staff. Special attention was attracted by the group of the late Emperor's physicians, including Sir Morell Mackenzie, wearing the blue sash of the Order conferred upon him by the late Emperor. Escorts of the Royal Bodyguard and Dragoons of the Guard preceded and closed the cortège, which reached the Friedenskirche at half-past eleven. The mourners immediately occupied the seats assigned to them. The sacred rite consisted simply of the burial service, followed by the benediction, pronounced by Dr. Kögel, there being no sermon. Court Chaplain Dr. Persius repeated the closing prayer, and the choir intoned the final dirge. Field Marshal Von Blumenthal lowered the Imperial banner on the coffin. The members of the Imperial family kissed the head of the coffin and left the sacred edifice. The conclusion of the service was announced by volley firing and minute guns.

Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, who has forwarded the Sketches of Friedrichskron, with that of the interior of the room where the Emperor died, will supply illustrations of the funeral, to be engraved for our next week's publication.

Funeral services were held on the same day in most of the European capital cities, in Westminster Abbey, and in the private chapel of Balmoral Castle, where the Queen attended the service.

The Empress Victoria had sent the following telegram to the Dowager Empress Augusta announcing the death of her husband:—

"She who was so proud and happy to be his wife weeps with you, poor mother, for the loss of your only son. No mother ever possessed such a son. Be strong and proud in your sorrow. Only to-day he desired to be remembered to you."

"VICTORIA."

THE LATE COLONEL KING-HARMAN, M.P.

The death of the Right Hon. Edward Robert King-Harman, whose appointment as Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Government of Ireland caused much party controversy, has been an unexpected event. He was born in 1838, eldest son of the Hon. Lawrence King, of Rockingham, near Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, and of Newcastle, Ballymahon, in the county of Longford, who assumed the additional name of Harman in 1838, and who died in 1875. He was educated at Eton, and held a commission in the 60th Rifles; since 1878 he has been honorary Colonel of the Roscommon Militia. He married, in 1861, a daughter of Sir William Worsley, Bart., of Hovingham, York. He was elected M.P. for the Isle of Thanet division of Kent in 1885, and obtained office under the present Administration.

LATE SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, BART., D.C.L.

The death of this gentleman, whose literary accomplishments and large social acquaintance had long made him a well-known personage, was recently announced. He was the son of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, the first Baronet, a Major-General in the Army, who was Chairman of the Board of Excise, and was created a Baronet in 1828; and who married the daughter of Sir William Mordaunt Miller, Bart. The son, Francis Hastings Charles Doyle, was born in August, 1810, at his father's seat, Nunappleton, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. He was appointed Receiver-General of Customs in 1846, and a Commissioner of Customs in 1870. He published several volumes of poems, and held the Professorship of Poetry at the University, with a Fellowship of All Souls' College, from 1867 to 1877, being twice elected for terms of five years. He married a daughter of the late Right Hon. C. W. Williams-Wynn, M.P., and has left a son to succeed to the title.

SHOOTING STING-RAYS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

On the banks of the Berbice river, which flows through a part of British Guiana south-east of Demerara, the native Indians are still living in small tribal communities, and many of them gain their livelihood by fishing. One curious pursuit of theirs is the killing of "sting-rays," a species of large flat-fish common in many of the large rivers and estuaries of that part of South America, in the waters of the Lower Orinoco and the Amazons, and on the coast of Venezuela. It is armed, near the end of the tail, with a sharp dagger-like spine, several inches long, with which it can inflict a severe wound on an unwary swimmer, but which is improperly called a sting, not being particularly venomous. The great electric eel, which can administer a stunning shock to a man or a horse wading in the shallow water, is probably a more dangerous foe. But the sting-ray is an awkward customer to bring alive to land by a net or line, and the Indian prefers to shoot him while afloat with a bow and arrow. This singular kind of sport was not long ago witnessed by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, in an excursion that he made to Berbice during his stay in Demerara, of which we have given some account with the series of his Sketches entitled "Across Two Oceans." The illustration now presented is a genuine example of one of the diverse methods by which primitive races of mankind contrive to practise their incessant warfare against the animal creation, and it is said that the flesh of the sting-ray, if not so palatable as turbot, affords them tolerable food.

A festival dinner in aid of the funds of the University College Hospital was held on June 19 at the Hôtel Métropole—Lord Herschell presiding. The donations and subscriptions amounted to nearly £2000, including £50 from Lord Herschell, £100 from Sir Julian Goldsmid, £250 from Louisa Lady Goldsmid, and £20 from Viscount Cranborne, M.P.

The Benchers of Gray's Inn have awarded to Mr. A. M. Thomson the Bacon Scholarship of £45 per annum, tenable for two years; to Mr. O. Cook the "Holt" Scholarship of £40 per annum, tenable for two years; to Mr. W. Durie the "Lee Prize" of £25; and a second prize of ten guineas to M. E. W. Cox. A studentship in Jurisprudence and Roman Law of 100 guineas, for one year, has been awarded by the Council of Legal Education to Ernest B. Bowen Rowlands, and the Barstow Law Scholarship to Mr. F. E. Bradley, both students of Gray's Inn.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The general feeling of sorrow and deep regret occasioned in England by the lamentable death of the Emperor Frederick found eloquent expression in the House of Lords on Monday, the Eighteenth of June. That the mourning ordained by the Court had been instantly adopted was proved by the sombre appearance of the noblewomen who lined the galleries, almost all attired in black silk; Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Robert Lowe), seated with Lady Sherbrooke in the balcony to the left of the Throne, supplying the only ruddy bit of colour. Our Parliamentary leaders are usually seen at their best when paying tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. The Marquis of Salisbury quite rose to the occasion in moving that an Address of sympathy be presented to her Majesty, and an Address of condolence to the Empress Victoria of Germany. The Prime Minister had an exceptionally large audience of Peers. The Ministerial benches and front cross-benches were full; and Earl Granville, Earl Spencer, the Earl of Kimberley, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Derby, Lord Rosebery, and the Duke of Argyll were among the goodly number of Liberal Peers present. Lord Salisbury approached the table, and every eye was riveted upon the tall form of the Premier as, with head slightly bent, he impressively addressed the House in his gravest tones. The noble Marquis's eulogium of the late Emperor was all the more telling in that the well-weighed language he used was simple and natural, and unexaggerated. Lord Salisbury well said, with an earnest ring in his voice, "He has shown a steady courage, which even the grip of that fell disease could never damp, a devotion to his duty even under circumstances which would lead minor natures to the abandonment of all hope; he died at his post with the devotion of a soldier, under circumstances which gave none of the encouragement that lightens the soldier's fall; he has left an example which may be of the most precious value not only to Sovereigns—to those who follow him—but to men of all conditions of life." Lord Granville proved equal to his well-won reputation as the graceful and polished Bossuet of the Court. The noble Earl cleared his voice, and actually made himself audible—a thing he seldom does, save on these State occasions. There was a rhythmic flow in the delivery of his felicitous panegyric of the Emperor almost suggesting he had composed his well-balanced sentences in blank verse. Whilst Mr. W. H. Smith, in the Lower House, modelled his solid speech of sympathy on that of the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone may be said to have vied in elegance of diction with Earl Granville; the right hon. gentleman, indeed, distinguishing himself so much by his rich and apt eloquence as to elicit an expression of warm approval even from so ordinarily cool and languid an ex-colleague as Lord Hartington, the Liberal-Unionist Chief.

Lord Salisbury's Life-Peerage Bill was deemed of sufficient importance to induce the Peers to remain in their seats after the Addresses to the Queen and the Empress Victoria had been sanctioned. But it seemed the Ministerial mountain had only laboured to bring forth a mouse; or, as the Premier candidly owned, his proposals were "exceedingly modest." The measure simply amounted to this: that her Majesty be empowered to appoint not more than three Life-Peers per year from the naval, military, diplomatic, and civil services, or from the Privy Council; and not more than two additional Life-Peers a year having "any special qualification other than one of those mentioned"; the total of such Life-Peers never to exceed fifty in number. Coming to the so-called "black sheep," alleged to exist in the House of Lords as in every other fold, the noble shepherd purposed to take the ram by the horns, and simply exclude him, reserving the right to "restore a peccant member of the House if it should seem good to do so." As a reformer root and branch, the Earl of Rosebery, not unnaturally, considered the Bill inadequate; but he said he should yet support it, "not because of its intrinsic value, but because he believed it to be the precedent of a larger and more extensive system of reform." Rising from his temporary place immediately behind Earl Granville, the Duke of Argyll soundly rated Lord Rosebery for his speeches in and out of the House on the subject. If his Grace is rather too much inclined as a rule to adopt the severe tone of a Highland seer in his admonitions, he happily slipped from grave to gay on this occasion to relate a capital American yarn, which made the House laugh against Lord Rosebery, who, turning round in his seat and steadfastly regarding the noble Duke, doubtless enjoyed the joke as much as anyone. Earl Granville (who was in better health than he has been for some time) neatly closed the debate by gently rebuking the Duke of Argyll for his parenthetical attack on Mr. Gladstone as one who had stimulated agitation against the House of Lords. The noble Earl protested that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone had done all he could to calm the agitation. It should be added that a strong Committee has been appointed to revise the standing orders.

The first appearance in the Commons of the genial new Liberal member for Ayr (chosen by a majority of 53 over Mr. Evelyn Ashley, the Liberal Unionist candidate) was hailed by hearty cheering from the Liberal benches, on the Nineteenth of June. Mr. John Sinclair was evidently gratified by this cordial reception as he was escorted to the table by Mr. Arnold Morley, the assiduous Liberal "Whip," and Mr. J. C. Bolton. The Gladstonian successes at Southampton and at Ayr indicate a turn of the tide, which the Government will do well to take careful note of.

Let the Prime Minister and Lord Cranborne beam ever so blithely on the cosy front Ministerial bench of the Lords, they cannot disguise the fact that the Government are in the doldrums. This is a latitude every Ministry in turn reaches sooner or later. Their candidates defeated at the most recent elections, and Ministers twice placed in a minority in the Lower House, it behoves the Government to act upon Lord Randolph Churchill's advice, and reconsider their position, especially as regards Mr. Balfour's rigid and severe administration of the Crimes Act in Ireland during these pacific times.

Mr. Ritchie has made good progress with the Local Government Bill in Committee, grace to the businesslike dispatch of clear-headed Mr. Leonard Courtney, who does not hesitate to lop off redundant amendments. But hon. members still evince too great an anxiety to hamper the new County Councils with grandmotherly conditions and regulations. The principle granted that these County Councils should be established, they ought assuredly to be left with as free a hand as possible. In them will rest responsibility. In them should be vested untrammelled power. Coming to the second defeat the Government experienced within a week, I should explain that the reverse was only sustained on a minor point. We were in Committee on the Nineteenth of June. By 360 votes against 77, Mr. Ritchie had secured the adoption of the Ministerial proposal that the control of the county police should be in the hands conjointly of the Quarter Sessions and of the County Council; but, with respect to the appointment and control of Chief Constables, Mr. John Morley dextrously and quickly moved that the Quarter Sessions be deprived of the power, and he carried his motion by 246 against 216 votes—a majority of thirty against the Ministry. Lord Hartington and other Liberal Unionists voted with Mr. John Morley.



THE LATE SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, BART., D.C.L.,
FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF POETRY AT OXFORD.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. COLONEL KING-HARMAN, M.P.,
UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

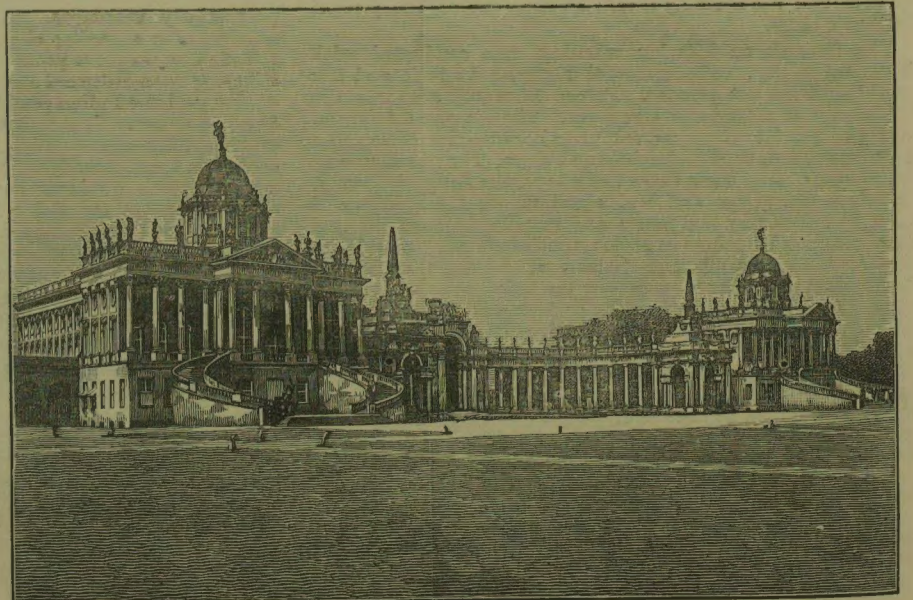


ACROSS TWO OCEANS: SHOOTING STING-RAYFISH ON THE BERBICE RIVER.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

↓ Room where the Emperor was born.



↑ Room where the Emperor died.
FRIEDRICHSKRON, WHERE THE LATE EMPEROR DIED: BACK OF THE PALACE.



PART OF THE PALACE OF FRIEDRICHSKRON.

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK OF GERMANY.



POTSDAM, THE RESIDENCE OF THE KINGS OF PRUSSIA.



GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF NEWSPAPERS IN BERLIN.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ENNUI.

It has been said, apparently with truth, that wealth and luxury, instead of making people happier, are the parents of ennui. This word—for which the English language has no precise equivalent—indicates a state of mind quite incomprehensible to the man who works with a purpose. It seems, indeed, incredible that in a world so teeming with objects of interest any person can be found who suffers from a disease like this. Think, for a moment, what the man admits who confesses he is troubled with it. It means that his mind is vacant; that his heart lacks sympathy; that he has no ear for the harmonies of Nature, no eye for her beauties; that man delights him not, nor woman neither; that to him literature is barren, art unsatisfying, and science without attraction. It means that he has no knowledge to acquire, no sense of the beautiful to cultivate, no joy in meditation, no character to build up, no duties of a citizen to perform, no spiritual field to plough, no charities to dispense—and, in short, that he has no great object in life.

This state of vacuity is so intolerable that the man who is conscious of it flies to amusement, and often to doubtful pleasures. It is in a great measure to ennui that we owe the fatal passion for gambling, and the still more fatal, because more widely-spread, passion for drinking. The man who finds nothing to interest him in life can, at any rate, pass his time or kill it by the help of betting and brandy. And it is probably ennui also that encourages those strange but innocent hobbies which lead one man to devote his life to the collection of play-bills, another to accumulate sticks, a third to fill his house with old chairs, and a fourth to centre his interest upon autographs. The effort to escape from himself in ways like these is always a vain effort. The man feels that he is bored, and asks if life is worth living?

"It was doing nothing was his curse,
Is there a vice can plague us worse?"

It is ennui that drives women into society, that encourages indiscriminate novel-reading, flirtation, and scandal. Some great sensation is wanted to break the monotony of life, and what harm it may produce they are not careful to ask; and yet they know and feel all the time that there is nothing so wearisome as a round of pleasure, no yoke so galling as frivolity. Ennui clings to them like a fatal malady, which is increased by the means they take to escape from it. There must have been people who suffered from ennui in Seneca's day; for he writes that men complain of the shortness of time, yet have more than they know what to do with; that they spend their lives either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that they ought to do. Truly does Addison say that people with no true business in life may be regarded as dead; and "in that number," he writes, "I comprehend all persons, of what title or dignity soever, who bestow most of their time in eating and drinking, to support that imaginary existence of theirs which they call life; or in addressing and adorning those shadows and apparitions which are looked upon by the vulgar as real men and women." You see that Addison is alluding to the effects of ennui, although he does not use a word which was not in vogue in his day; and Johnson, writing of the same class of persons who have no pursuit worthy of the name, says that they play throughout life with the shadows of business, and know not, at last, what they have been doing.

Let but a man have a worthy object to pursue, and he plays with shadows no longer. Ennui is a word not to be found in the dictionary of men who have a clear aim before them, and follow it without faltering. Even the miser, who devotes himself to money-making—poor though his aim may be—does at least escape from one evil. But when the end sought is a wise one, not only does ennui become impossible, but the sense of something accomplished, or in progress of accomplishment, keeps the heart light and the spirits equable. "Come what come may," the man says to himself, "the path I have to take is clear, and, despite a thousand obstructions, shall be followed to the end." This was the feeling that animated Luther, that sent forth Columbus, that prompted our great voyagers when they left their English homes in search of unknown lands; that filled the lives of men like Gordon, Livingstone, and Henry Martyn with a Divine inspiration; that led Nelson to die gloriously at Trafalgar, and sustained the calm courage of the Duke—

England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.

What did men like these know of ennui? And if we descend from these imperial heights to the lowly livers whose work is done day by day—"as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye"—with regard to them, too, we may ask the same question, knowing well what the answer will be. It is good for most of us to be chained for life to some occupation from which we cannot escape at pleasure. Even Charles Lamb, with all his intellectual activity, and in contradiction to the joyful expectations he had formed of freedom, when he left the India House, felt the burden of no definite occupation hard to bear, and we detect more than once in his letters the yawn of ennui. He had—as a footman was once overheard to say—plenty of nothing to do. For years he had panted after what he calls divine leisure—the power to "drink of Time's rich cup and never surfeit"; but when the leisure came he wrote to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet and bank clerk, "I pity you for overwork; but I assure you no-work is worse. The mind preys on itself—the most unwholesome food. I bragged formerly that I could not have too much time. I have a surfeit. With few years to come the days are wearisome;" and, to keep up his spirits and escape from ennui, he would walk ten miles a day, "always up the road, dear London-wards." Unfortunately, one object that led him abroad daily was a "saunter to the Red Lion." Of Lamb not a harsh word will be spoken by anyone who knows how, in spite of this frailty, he lived a life rich in good deeds, and with the noblest sense of duty—a life infinitely sad but full of courage and beauty.

I never knew an idle man or woman who found idleness so pleasant as to be free from ennui. "Thus much I dare boldly say," writes Burton: "he or she that is idle—be they of what condition they will, never so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy—let them have all things in abundance and felicity that heart can wish and desire, all contentment—so long as he or she, or they, are idle they shall never be pleased, never well in body and mind; but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish fantasy or other." I have said that ennui may be regarded as a disease. Happily, it is one that can be cured, but "therein the patient must minister to himself." He must face his malady boldly, and choose some sound method of cure. Should he have no special work which he is forced to do, he must make work. Let him learn a language, read great authors, study a science, master the constitutional history of his country or the social and political dangers that beset it; or, better still, let him visit the poor—not as a curious inquirer, but as a friend. To work for others and to forget self are among the most powerful securities against the invasion of ennui. J. D.

CHESS.

A GREENWELL (Newcastle).—Your suggestion is quite impracticable. M H.—Your problem admits of at least three solutions. Try again. R. WORTERS, J. COLLINS, AND OTHERS.—B takes Kt is not the author's intention, but it serves. G. G.—The Bishop can interpose and then there is no mate. G. B. F. (Dundee).—Many thanks, the games are very acceptable. J. KEMP.—No. 1 can be solved by 1. Q to Q 3rd (ch), &c., No. 2 is an impossible position. H. W.—If White play as you suggest, Black would reply with 1. R takes P, and there is no mate on the board in two more moves. J. CUTLER.—We fear you have overlooked a much more obvious mate than your own. Suppose 1. Q to R 5th, Kt covers (best); 2. B to R 6th, &c., how can Black escape?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2303 received from R. H. Brooks, Hereward, Alpha, and W. Wright; of No. 2304 from Rev. Windfield Cooper, Cafe Xavier (Brussels), W. Shaw (Sheffield), Charles Etherington, and W. Wright.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2305 received from Ruby Rook, L. Desanges, Dane John, Jupiter Junior, L. Wyman, E. Phillips, Howard A., R. H. Brooks, L. Penfold, E. Casella (Paris), L. Sharnwood, H. Lucas, R. Worters (Canterbury), Hereward, J. Hepworth Shaw, Dawn, T. A. Schumcke, Lieut.-Col. Loraine, Jesmond Dene, Shadforth, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), D. Waltz (Heidelberg), John G. Grant, W. R. Raille, Bosworth Squire, E. E. H. T. Chown, G. J. Veale, R. F. N. Banks, Columbus, C. J. Boorne, J. Hall, J. M. Brewster, Colonel W. G. Glover, J. King, G. Simmerson, J. R. Newman, J. Collins, Percy Andrea, G. J. Powell, T. Roberts, and J. S.

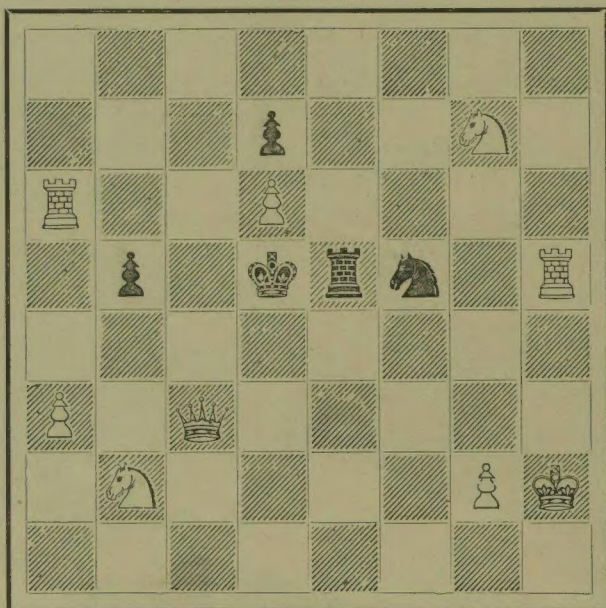
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2303.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 5th P takes Kt (dis ch)
2. Q takes R (ch) K moves
3. Kt mates.

If Black play 1. P to B 5th, then 2. Kt takes Kt (ch); if 1. K moves, then 2. Kt to K 7th (dis ch); if 1. Kt takes Kt, then 2. Q to B 3rd (ch); and if 1. P to R 5th (a Queen), 2. Q takes Q (ch), mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2307.

By F. HEALEY.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the British Chess Club between Messrs. BLACKBURNE and MICHAEL.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne)	BLACK (Mr. Michael)	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne)	BLACK (Mr. Michael)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. P to B 5th	B to K 6th (ch)
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	16. R takes B	
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
5. Castles	B to B 4th		
This gives Black a bad opening. The K P should be left to his fate.			
6. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th	17. P takes B	P takes Kt P
7. P takes Kt	P takes B	18. Q to Q 7th (ch)	K to B sq
8. R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3rd	19. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K 7th
9. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to Q 4th	20. P takes P	R takes P
Black is already finding himself in difficulties, but we fail to see why he does not take the P with Q; at any rate, it cannot make his game worse than it is.			
10. P takes P	R to K Kt sq	21. R to K 3rd	R takes P
11. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to B 4th	22. Kt to K 3rd	Q takes R
12. P to Kt 4th	Q to Kt 3rd	23. Q takes R P	K R to Q Kt sq
13. Q to Kt 4th	B to K 2nd	24. Q to B 6th	
14. P to B 4th		A bad square for the Q; Q to K 2nd is the right play.	

Mr. Blackburne has now a most powerful attack, which is pushed vigorously to the end.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played between "DELTA" and an AMATEUR.
(Sicilian Opening.)

WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Delta)	WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Delta)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	18. Q to Q 3rd	B takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Another unwise exchange, Black's Bishops were strongly posted, and should not have been separated.	
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	19. Kt takes B	P to Q Kt 4th
4. Kt takes P	P to K 4th	20. P takes P	R takes P
5. Kt to K B 3rd		Although, probably, the move that won the game, we regard P takes P as a sounder line of play.	
White has now wasted two moves and lost a valuable centre Pawn.			
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. R to K B 3rd	Q to K 3rd
7. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	22. Kt to K 3rd	R takes P
8. B takes Kt		23. Q takes R P	K R to Q Kt sq
B to R 4th is much better. This exchange simply develops Black's position.			
9. Castles	Q takes B	24. Q to B 6th	
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	A bad square for the Q; Q to K 2nd is the right play.	
11. B to B 4th	Kt to K 2nd	25. Kt to B 5th	B to Kt 3rd
12. Kt to Q 5th	Castles	26. R to Kt 3rd	B to B 4th
13. Q takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	27. R takes P (ch)	R takes P
P to Q 3rd at once, liberating Q B, is the correct move.			
14. Q R to K sq		Delta tries down "If Kt takes P, Q to R 7th, &c., and Black wins." If, however, White continues 28. Kt to K 6th (dis ch), K to R sq; 29. Kt takes B, R takes Kt; 30. Q takes P, it seems to us White should win. Q to B 5th is the correct move, for if White now takes B he is mated by Q takes R (ch), K takes Q, R mates.	
15. P to Q R 4th	R to Q Kt sq	28. K to R sq	K to R sq
16. Kt to Q 2nd	B to B 2nd	29. K to R sq	R takes P
17. R to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	and wins.	

The British Chess Club handicap has furnished little of public interest since our last issue, except a disputed point in the game between Blackburne and Gattie, which has been referred to the committee for decision. Bird holds the most prominent place at present, closely followed by Wainwright and Zukertort, the latter showing somewhat better form than of late. The following are the leading scores at the moment of going to press:—Bird, won 7½, lost 1½; Wainwright, won 7, lost 2; Zukertort, won 6, lost 1; Mortimer, won 5½, lost 2½.

The return-match Surrey v. Sussex takes place at Brighton on June 23. There will be fifteen players a side.

A match has been arranged between Glasgow and Liverpool, to be played at the former city on July 7. The Manchester Club is endeavouring to make arrangements for a similar trip.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JUNE 23, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpenny*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 26, 1888) of Mr. William Paxton, late of Great Berkhamstead, Herts, who died on May 14, was proved on June 6 by John Henry Hortin, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his wife and his son-in-law and executor, Mr. Hortin; his shares in Robins and Co., Limited, to his two daughters, Mrs. Louisa Esther Hortin and Mrs. Emma Loetitia Knowles; and there are also some specific bequests to his wife, daughters, and executor. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said two daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1885) of Miss Caroline Georgiana Delferier, late of No. 15, Penywern-road, South Kensington, who died on April 30 last, was proved on June 8 by Arthur Griffith Underwood, Miss Mary Ann Bellingham, Miss Anna Isabella Bellingham, and Miss Eliza Ann Bellingham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Chelsea, Brompton, and Belgrave Dispensary (Sloane-square) and the British Home for Incurables (Clapham-rise); £300 each to the Free Cancer Hospital (Piccadilly) and the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Fulham-road); £200 to the North-Eastern Hospital for Children; £100 each to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Jermyn-street) and the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association; £500 to her executor, Mr. Underwood; £4000 to each of her three executrices; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to the said Misses M. A., A. I., and E. A. Bellingham.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1885) of Mr. Dennis Milner, late of Beel House, Amersham, Bucks, who died on May 15, was proved on June 7 by Mrs. Frances Milner, the widow, and Arthur Godlee, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; then for his sister, Miss Mary Milner, for life; and then for his two nephews, William Milner and Reginald Ernest Dennis Milner, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1887) of Mr. Arthur Alexander Corsellis, late of Laver Marney, Chelston-road, Torquay, who died on April 27 last, was proved on May 16 by Henry Nicholas Corsellis, the son, Henry Mossop, and George Francis Berney, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and his horses and carriages to his wife, and the residue of his property, real and personal, he leaves, upon trust, for her, for life. At his wife's death, he gives his freehold property, Marney Lodge, Wandsworth, to his son Henry Nicholas, subject to his paying to his brother, George Caesar, £1000; his freehold offices, Alma-road and East-hill, Wandsworth, to his said son George Caesar; and there are some specific bequests to his son Henry Nicholas. The ultimate residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his five daughters.

The will (dated March 23, 1875), with a codicil (dated Aug. 11, 1880), of Miss Harriet Pearson, late of No. 36, Warwick-road, Maida-vale, who died on April 29 last, was proved on May 22 by John Michael Pearson and George Greenwood Pearson, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix appoints one fourth of a certain sum of £4000 to the estate of her late brother Michael. She gives her furniture and effects to her two sisters, Frances and Sarah; one fifth of certain freehold property at Shoreditch, Norton-Folgate, and Hoxton, valued at upwards of £57,000, to her nephews, John Michael Pearson, George Greenwood Pearson, and Charles Fellows Pearson, but charged with the payment of £55 10s. per annum to each of her two sisters for life; £11,400, charged with the payment of £111 per annum to her two sisters, to her nephews and niece, John Jefferis, Frank Pearson, and Eleanor Wright; and £1000 to her said nephew John Jefferis. The residue of her personal estate she leaves, upon trust, to pay one moiety of the income to each of her said two sisters, and on their respective deaths to divide the capital between her said six nephews and niece in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1883) of Miss Rebecca Child, late of Forty Hill, Enfield, who died on Jan. 17 last, was proved on May 22 by Augustus Hodd Child and James Hayllar, the nephews, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testatrix directs her freehold and copyhold property at Enfield to be sold, and the proceeds divided between the children of her brother, John Bonus Child. She bequeaths £3000 and her jewellery to her sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Hayllar; an annuity to her brother, George Harris Child; and legacies to nieces, executors, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her sister, Mrs. Hayllar, and her nephew, Augustus Hodd Child.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1888) of Mr. Joseph Julius Kanne, head courier to the Queen, late of Pilsen, in Bohemia, who died on April 24 last, at No. 45, Dover-street, Piccadilly, was proved on June 13 by Achille Vintras, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £6900. The deceased died possessed also of real estate in Austria. The testator bequeaths £300 to the German Hospital at Dalston; £200 to the French Hospital in London, of which Dr. Vintras is chief physician; £100 to the Austro-Hungarian Benevolent Society in London; the largest of his three landscapes by Gustave Doré to General Sir Christopher C. Teesdale; and other legacies, pecuniary and specific. The residue of his property in England he gives to Fritz Winterstein, of Prague, to be disposed of according to instructions.

The Queen has sent to the Irish Exhibition several splendid examples of Irish lace. Several machines in the Exhibition are manufacturing the damask to special order of her Majesty.

Several thousands of metropolitan Volunteers were under arms on Saturday, June 16, the principal parades being those ordered for the annual official inspections.

The Corps of Commissionaires held their annual parade on June 17, in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. General Sir F. C. A. Stephenson was the inspecting officer, and the corps, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson, mustered nearly its full strength of 1693 men, with a guard of honour of men wounded in battle.

At a banquet held on June 15, Lord Brassey, who was member of Parliament for Hastings for nearly twenty years, handed over to the corporation, as a memento of his interest in the borough, the School of Art buildings, the cost of which was about £15,000. He explained that he owed all his opportunities in public life to the people of Hastings and St. Leonards, and he asked them to regard this gift, which was entirely unfettered, as a symbol of attachment which he would feel to the last days of his life. The Mayor acknowledged the gift. The Hon. T. A. Brassey, in responding to a toast, explained the objects of the Naval Defence Association, and said he had made himself responsible for the cost of fitting out the Lady Brassey, pleasure-steamer, as a coast cruiser.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

The musical specialty of the year is the grand celebration which will take place at the Crystal Palace on June 25, 27, and 29. The previous Friday (June 22) is, as heretofore, devoted to a grand public rehearsal, the following Monday being occupied by a performance of "The Messiah." On Wednesday a miscellaneous selection from Handel's sacred and secular works will be given, and on Friday, June 29, the festival will close with "Israel in Egypt." This arrangement is similar to that of past occasions, and is one that could scarcely be improved on. The public rehearsal enables many who have but one day to spare, to hear portions of each day's performances at a reduced rate of admission; and the works given on the three special days are essentially representative of the composer in his grandest as well as in his lighter styles. No celebration of the kind would be complete without "The Messiah," in which Handel has identified himself immortally with Christian sentiment in alliance with the English language; while the work chosen for the final performance is above all others best suited to display the grand effects derivable from the enormous choral forces assembled on these occasions, "Israel in Egypt" consisting chiefly of single and double choruses of the highest order of sublimity.

These festivals had their origin in 1857, when the performances were merely experimental, the second occasion having been in 1859, in commemoration of the centenary of Handel's death. The next festival, in 1862, was coincident with the date of our second International Exhibition, and the success then obtained was so great as to lead to the permanent establishment of the triennial festivals at the Crystal Palace. The regular triennial recurrence of the Handel Festival was anticipated in 1855, owing to that year being the bi-centenary of the composer's birth. Up to 1883 the performances had been conducted by Sir Michael Costa, but his serious illness—shortly afterwards terminating in death—caused the sudden transference of the office of conductor in that year to Mr. August Manns, long eminent for his skilful direction of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon Concerts. The arduous task undertaken by him in 1883 was admirably fulfilled, as it was on the following occasion in 1885; and there can be no doubt that an equally successful result will attend the coming festival.

The principal solo vocalists engaged are: Mesdames Albani, Nordica, Valleria, Patey, and Trebelli; Miss A. Marriott; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. Bridson, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Santley.

Choral rehearsals—provincial and metropolitan—have for some time been going on in sectional divisions, and all is now ready for this year's Handel celebration, which may confidently be expected to prove as successful in every respect as any previous festival. The public rehearsal of June 22 occurs, of course, too late for present notice, and must be referred to together with some portions of the festival day's proceedings. Extracts from each of which are (as already stated) included in the rehearsal programme.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since our last notice, Mdle. Melba has again appeared. Her previous performances were as the heroine in "Lucia di Lammermoor," in which character she made a very successful début here on May 24. Her most recent appearance was as Gilda, in "Rigoletto," in which she again displayed high merits as a fluent and brilliant vocalist. The same occasion brought forward Signor Guille in the character of the Duke. The débutant (who had been previously heard in concert performances) did not make any special impression, and will be more fairly estimated in future stage appearances. Madame Scalchi was the Maddalena; and other characters were as before. The next specialty calling for notice was the début of Mdle. Columbia in a repetition of "L'Africaine," in which the lady sustained the character of Selika, a part that was for many seasons identified with the admirable performances of Madame Pauline Lucca. Mdle. Columbia had, therefore, an arduous task—one for which she scarcely appears to possess the requisite powers, either vocal or dramatic. A first appearance, however, is very often greatly improved on in following performances, and this may possibly be the case with Mdle. Columbia, who seems to possess earnest intention, which may be better realised hereafter when less under the influence of nervousness. In both the cases just noticed, it was a severe ordeal for newcomers to be associated with such excellent artists as those who (as before) sustained other principal characters.

The week closed with the first performance this season of "Lohengrin," with a very powerful cast, conspicuous in which was the Elsa of Madame Albani, which has been for some seasons a display of rare excellence in the combination of artistic vocalisation and poetic grace and charm of manner; recent repetitions having developed enhanced dramatic power. The character of Ortruda was sustained with great effect by Madame Hastreiter, who appeared at the Royal Italian Opera in March last year. On the occasion now referred to, the lady gave the declamatory music of the character specified with excellent dramatic impulse. The admirable performance by M. J. De Reszké of the character of Lohengrin, in its double aspect, vocal and histrionic, was a special feature in the representation of the opera during Mr. Harris's season at Drury-Lane Theatre last year. Again, on the occasion now referred to, it was remarkable for dignified and chivalrous bearing and fine declamation; and special importance was imparted to the character of the King by M. E. De Reszké, Signori D'Andrade and Navarrini having been efficient, respectively, as Telramondo and the Herald. The general performance was of first-rate excellence. As in the other grand operas recently given, the stage accessories were of great splendour, and the choral effects were much enhanced by the largely augmented chorus. Signor Mancinelli conducted. Subsequent proceedings must be spoken of hereafter.

The testimonial concert to Mr. Ambrose Austin, at St. James's Hall, could only be briefly mentioned until now. The occasion possessed a double interest, in the special object of the concert, and in the many attractions of the programme, which comprised familiar vocal performances by Mesdames Valleria, Trebelli, Sterling, and Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Santley—Madame Albani having been prevented by indisposition from appearing. Pianoforte solos were contributed by M. De Pachmann, and orchestral performances were conducted by Dr. Richter and Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Five of the series of the Charles Hallé chamber-music concerts have now taken place at St. James's Hall. The programme of the fifth—on June 15—included Beethoven's great solo pianoforte sonata in B flat, Op. 106, a leviathan work that transcends all others of its kind in extended development and elaborate difficulty; a pleasing pianoforte trio by M. Lalo, and other items.

The seventh and last concert of the Philharmonic Society's seventy-sixth season, which took place on the afternoon of June 16, could, of course, only be announced in anticipation until now. The programme comprised several features of

interest. There were two concertos, that by Rubinstein, for pianoforte, in G (No. 3), and that by Brahms, for violin, in D. The executant in the former case was Madame Sophie Menter, whose brilliant powers of bravura execution were displayed with special effect. The violinist was Fräulein Soldat, by whom the same concerto was played at the concert of the Bach Choir in March last—each performance having manifested high executive merit. At the Philharmonic concert now referred to, Herr C. Mayer (a meritorious baritone from the Cologne Opera) made a very successful first appearance here in an aria from Spohr's "Jessonda" and lieder by Schumann and Schubert. Beethoven's pastoral symphony opened the concert, which closed with Dr. Mackenzie's first Scotch rhapsody, conducted by himself; other portions of the programme having been directed by Herr Johan Svendsen. The Dead March in "Saul" was played in memory of the late Emperor of Germany. The season has been a prosperous one.

Madame Sophie Menter gave her second and last pianoforte recital of the season at St. James's Hall on June 14, when her brilliant and powerful performances were heard in a sonata of Beethoven and other pieces in more modern styles, among which were those by Schumann, entitled "Carnaval," the pianist's execution being of transcendent excellence.

The series of Richter concerts at St. James's Hall is approaching its termination, six of the nine performances having taken place. The sixth concert, on June 18, consisted of Berlioz's "Faust" music, which has now been so frequently given that no comment is necessary beyond stating that the performance was, generally, an effective one; the orchestra having been of the usual excellence, and the chorus augmented by members of Mr. Henry Leslie's disbanded choir. The principal solo vocalists were: Mrs. Mary Davis (Margaret), Mr. E. Lloyd (Faust), and Mr. Santley (Mephistopheles), the small part of Brander having been assigned to Mr. B. Pierpoint. The concert was preceded by the Funeral March from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung."

Dr. Hans Von Bülow's third Beethoven recital was announced for June 19 at St. James's Hall, the programme having comprised six of the solo sonatas, including the last three of the grand series of those works.

The second and last of Madame Christine Nilsson's two farewell appearances at the Royal Albert Hall must be spoken of hereafter, merely premising now that the programme included most attractive performances.

The concert announced by the Royal Academy of Music to take place at St. James's Hall on June 16, was postponed (in consequence of the death of the Emperor of Germany) to June 23, the same date being announced for M. De Pachmann's only pianoforte recital this season; and for a performance (partly amateur) of Flotow's "Martha," for the benefit of Misses C. Leighton and J. Rosse, at St. George's Hall.

Recent miscellaneous concerts have included those of that excellent pianist Miss Emma Barnett, Miss H. Sasse (also a pianist), Miss D. Foster, Miss M. Davies; that rising young vocalist, Miss Ganz, Signor Bonetti, Mr. H. Seiffert; Mr. E. H. Thorne, an esteemed pianist, and composer of merit; and Mr. Harold Savery.

M. Ovide Musin, the eminent violinist, gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on June 19, when he appeared after an interval of several years. His chief performance was in an effective concertstück in form of a serenade, composed by L. Damrosch, of American celebrity, the conductor of the concert having been his son, Mr. W. Damrosch, of New York. Other brilliant violin performances by M. Musin (a caprice of his own, and variations by Corelli) were included in the programme, which also comprised vocal pieces effectively rendered by Herr M. Heinrich, of New York.

Mdle. Otta Brönnum, the brilliant Scandinavian songstress, will give a remarkably attractive concert, under illustrious patronage, at the Steinway Hall, on July 4.

A matinée musicale, under the direction of Signorina Vittoria del Bono, the popular violinist, is announced to take place at the Grosvenor Hotel on June 28, when a very attractive programme will be presented.

A number of musical and dramatic notabilities have joined the new Meistersingers' Club, which makes a handsome addition to clubland, having a commanding façade on the west side of St. James's-street, and being within replete with comfort. The Meistersingers boast a spacious and elegant concert-hall, the acoustic properties of which are excellent; and they have in Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott an admirable musical director.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"The Squire," by Mr. A. W. Pinero, is the last of the series of revivals set down at the St. James's Theatre, and before the end of July the Hare and Kendal management will have come to an end. This memorable partnership will be severed by mutual consent and without any fuss. It has been of great value to the stage in many ways; it has upheld the honour and dignity of English dramatic art; and there is no need to discuss the why or wherefore of the severance of this "fair companionship." Mr. Hare will go one way and the Kendals another; and, in all probability, before very long each will be in management on his own account, to continue elsewhere, separate, the good work that they have accomplished when united. Mr. John Hare has taken time by the forelock. Already his new theatre—on one of the finest sites in London, close by St. Martin's Church and the National Gallery—is advancing towards completion, and the new manager has very sensibly laid in a stock of plays that are likely to become popular. He has purchased in Paris the English rights of Sardou's "La Tosca," of the pretty and sympathetic "L'Abbé Constantin," and has secured plays from more than one of our leading dramatists. The rumour that Mr. Hare intended to produce "In Danger" is, however, premature, for he has no such idea: but should Mr. Jerome feel inclined to alter his pretty comedy, "Woodbarrow Farm," produced so successfully at a trial matinée this week, it is not improbable that it would have a hearing at the new Garrick Theatre later on.

Whilst the necessary arrangements for opening this new place of amusement are going on, Mr. Hare will assist at the opening of the new Court Theatre, for which occasion Mrs. John Wood has entrusted him with the preparation of Mr. Sidney Grundy's version of "Les Surprises du Divorce" for the English stage. The character created by M. Jolly at the Variétés and repeated so successfully by M. Coquelin at the Royalty, will be taken by Mr. Hare himself, and the cast will be a strong one, containing, as it does, Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Miss Kate Rorke, who will be one of the Garrick Theatre company later on. It is an open secret that Mrs. Bernard Beere will play "La Tosca" in English, though this will not be the opening play at the Garrick. There is no such hurry for the Kendals to busy themselves with taking a theatre or building one yet a while. They have a long provincial tour on hand, and after the Presidential election will most probably pay their promised visit to America, where they are anxiously expected. Meanwhile, "The Squire" is certainly worth seeing again. The character of Kate Verity, the strong, independent woman,

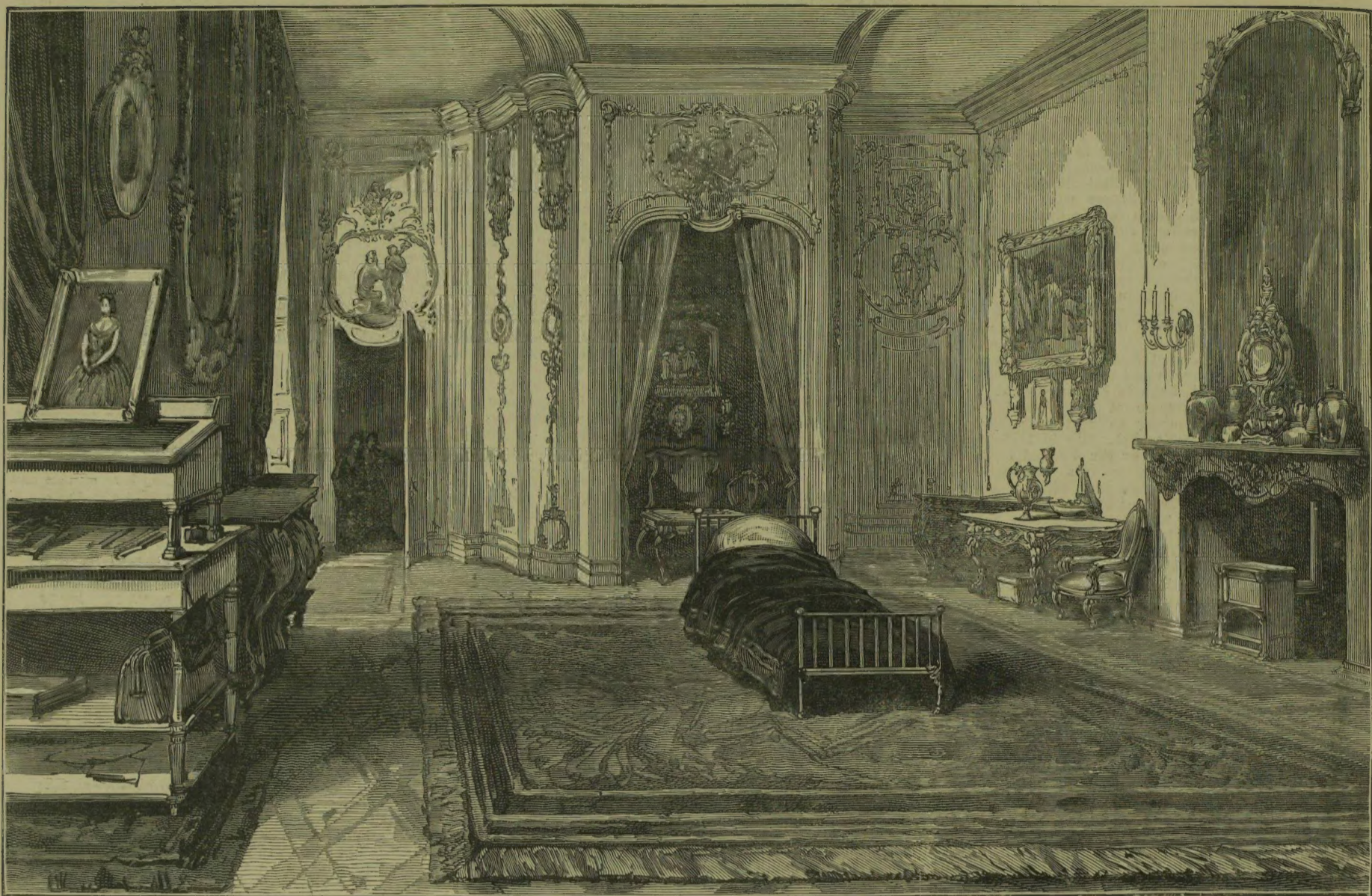
who has accidentally committed bigamy, and has to relinquish the man she sincerely loves, gives the actress many opportunities for the exhibition of pathos and passion of which so experienced and popular an artist readily avails herself. Mr. Kendal, as the amorous Lieutenant who has unwittingly injured the woman who is so devoted to him, plays the same kind of character he has played dozens of times before with the same studied earnestness and want of variety. To expect that these artists will ever appear on the stage in any other characters but injured woman and injuring man is apparently out of the question. The public like them, and are not inclined at present to believe that they can ever have too much of a good thing. It would be pleasant, however, if the monotony of the same tune were only occasionally relieved. The repetition of exactly the same sentiment is apt to suggest artificiality in acting as well as triteness in subject. Mr. Hare has never played better, with a firmer touch, or with more artistic finesse than as the Rev. Paul Dormer in this play, a confirmed misogynist and a pronounced muscular Christian. Valuable assistance is also given by Mr. Mackintosh as old Gunnion, the toothless husbandman; by Miss Blanche Horlock, as the pretty Felicity; and by Mr. Waring, a manly and earnest representative of the love-sick Gilbert Hythe. Some of the minor characters are not so well acted as they were at this theatre seven years ago; they want style and colour: but the play is beautifully mounted, cleverly written, and well deserves success.

We shall certainly hear something more of Mr. Jerome's delightful little play, "Woodbarrow Farm," produced recently at a Comedy matinée, and containing so much promise that the lucky young author was waited on by American and Australian agents, and even London managers of the first class, to see if he could not see his way to altering it for evening representation. The mere fabric of the story is simple enough. A simple young Devonshire farmer loves beyond his station, and is as much attached to his haughty divinity as the passionate hero in "Maud." The love of this handsome creature fills his soul with dreams of ambition, and fortune aids him in the nick of time. The sudden death of a millionaire just returned from America places the fortune in the hand of the farmer, who leaves the home where he was born, the mother who idolises him, and the sweetheart who pines for him, to seek distinction and success in London. It is a bitter experience for the farm-bred Allen. He finds that the Metropolis is not paved with gold, that friends deceive, that women are adventuresses, that the life he so longed for is a daily annoyance, and that the fresh young heart that left the country is in danger of being broken, the nature soured. So, convinced that he has been tricked and duped, fully informed that the idol of his life is a disreputable married woman, and having lost his fortune as quickly as he gained it, the repentant farmer returns home to his loved ones, and the curtain falls on a scene of reconciliation and peace. All this sounds very simple, but into this stout, strong fabric has been worked some rich and effective embroidery. The scene where the sham heir comes home and suddenly dies of heart disease; the scene between the innocent country lass and her unscrupulous, revengeful rival; the position where the real heir, a determined American, is confronted with his treacherous "pal" of other days; and the picture of humiliation when the repentant adventuress asks pardon from the good man she would have injured,—are strong dramatic moments, and give to the play—what all good plays should have—interest. The serious blot on the work as it stands is the farcical spirit of the fun, that does not harmonise with the general character of the work. It is as if an old Adelphi "screamer" were tacked on to a Robertsonian comedy, or as if a manager had instructed Maddison Morton to collaborate with MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. This farcical interest must be reconsidered; but as it stands there is plenty of good stuff in the play, and if it were judiciously cast it ought to be very successful. All the artists concerned do very well, so far as they go, but they must go a little further. Mr. George Giddens, who plays the young farmer, thoroughly understands the spirit of the play; he is alternately homely and slyly humorous; he is a loveable young fellow with a quaint undercurrent of fun. All that he wants now is to handle the part a little less nervously, and boldly to grapple with its difficulties. He reads the character well; eventually he will act it better. Miss Gertrude Kingston is quite a novice, but unquestionably a talented lady; of her cleverness and capacity there can be no doubt. She plays the adventuress—one of the best acting parts that has been given to domestic drama for some time. We do not know any actress at present who could look the part so well or could suggest it better. But this Clara Dexter, as conceived by Mr. Jerome, requires far more in execution, far more in finished acting than Miss Kingston can give it at present. Our most promising actresses are lamentably in need of training. How can they be taught, how learn, how be told of their faults, how correct their mannerisms when they are pitchforked, at these matinées, among novices as inexperienced as themselves? If a clever girl like Miss Kingston were to put herself in the hands of some experienced actress who "knows the ropes"—and how few there are of them!—she would play Clara Dexter ten times as well next time. A singer cannot be effective in a song, however much heart she may have, without training and drudgery; how can a young actress expect to bound on the stage and succeed at a minute's notice? And such an intelligent young lady as this is coolly told that she is the Lina Munte of the English stage. She is nothing whatever of the kind. She is physically suited, and by temperament endowed with the same characteristics that would suit parts similar to those played by Lina Munte. But the French actress has undergone training, and has reaped the value of experience—the very things that Miss Gertrude Kingston wants. If anyone doubts this assertion, let him see Lina Munte as Jeanne, in "Serge Panine," and Miss Gertrude Kingston as Clara Dexter, in "Woodbarrow Farm." Such reckless comparisons as these, that hinder the development of talent, remind one of the old saw, "Do you know German?" "No; but my first cousin is an excellent player on the German flute!" There was one very striking and excellent performance in this play by a Mr. Hamilton Knight, who doubled the characters of the sham and the real American heir. In both he was capital. In a word, there is immense promise in the new play so far as actors, actresses, and author are concerned. Had it been played at night as it was played at the matinée it would have been an ambitious but certain failure. If revised and reconsidered it stands a fair chance of turning out a success. But the stage manager must be a man of experience and talent.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided on June 19 at the seventy-seventh annual meeting of the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church, held in their offices, Broad Sanctuary.

Dr. Zukertort, the famous chess-player, died on June 20 at Charing-cross Hospital. Only the previous night he was playing his favourite game at Simpson's, when he became ill. He was conveyed to the British Chess Club, whence he was removed to the hospital under the doctor's advice.

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK OF GERMANY.



ROOM IN WHICH THE EMPEROR DIED, FRIEDRICHSKRON PALACE, POTSDAM.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



OUTSIDE FRIEDRICHSKRON GATE: RUSH TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



The Port Admiral's Yacht, Fire Queen, with spectators.

EXPERIMENTAL OPERATIONS FOR THE DEFENCE OF PORTSMOUTH: EXPLODING SUBMARINE MINES IN PORCHESTER CREEK.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, June 19.

According to M. Floquet, in his recent speech at Marseilles, the internal quarrels and divisions of the French are not to be looked upon as the precursors of anarchy and revolution, but simply as evidences of superabundant vitality, as it were, the temporary excitement occasioned by the national political growth. France, said M. Floquet, desires peace, and will maintain peace as long as she can. In spite of what her enemies may say, it is not at the moment when she is concerned with perfecting her internal political organisation and assuring the success of the great Exhibition of 1889 that France can be accused of fostering thoughts of war. These words express the present attitude of France.

In home politics this week the great event has been the legislative election in the Department of the Charente, where the Boulangists have been decidedly defeated. Gellibert des Séguins, Bonapartist, headed the list with 31,401 votes; Lazare Weiller, Republican, came second with 23,989; and Paul Déroulède, Boulangist, third, with 20,656 votes. Neither candidate having obtained the absolute majority a ballotage will be necessary. This election proves that whatever may be the personal force of General Boulanger, he cannot yet pose as the Grand Elector of France, and impose the candidates of his choice upon a party which does not exist. On the other hand, the programmes of M. Des Séguins and M. Déroulède being the same—namely, dissolution and revision—it is obvious that the majority of the electors of the Charente are in favour of the revision of the Constitution. There is reason to hope that, in the course of time, Boulangism will simply wear itself out, and leave behind it nothing but the souvenir of its inanity. Another result of this election is the dissipation of all doubt: the moment the Conservatives do not vote for him as they did in Le Nord, Boulanger is not such a great force, after all. The Déroulède propaganda has cost the Boulangist committee at least 200,000f.

To judge from outward appearances the Parisians really trouble themselves very little about politics, and their chief concern is to seek amusement. In the normal state of things June is the most charming month of the year at Paris; at present, however, we are suffering from the persistent greyness of the sky and the chilliness of the air. Nevertheless, the visitor will find Paris very gay and very full, and he will have no difficulty in passing an agreeable evening, either at the great fair of Neuilly, at the Cirque d'Été, at the Hippodrome, where a really wonderful and artistic mimodrama, called "Skobelev," is being performed; or else at one of the numerous open-air spectacular concerts which fill the Champs Elysées with garlands of lamps and the echoes of more or less harmonious trills and noisy orchestras.

The French Association of Dramatic Artists at present numbers 3217 members. The income of the society, which is devoted to pensioning aged members, amounts to 176,000f. a year. Next year being the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the association, special fêtes will be given, with a view to augmenting the capital, an income of £8000 being needed to meet all the deserving demands for help.

M. De Maupas, who played a leading rôle under the Empire, has just died, at the age of sixty-nine. Up to the last, M. De Maupas was one of the chief counsellors of the Bonapartist party. Two years ago he published a "Histoire du Coup d'Etat," in which he gave his own account of an event in which he was a prominent actor.

Paris possesses a new museum recently installed in a commodious building at the corner of the Rue Lafontaine at Auteuil. In this museum have been placed all the statues, busts, and portraits of Sovereigns that political events have banished from the squares and monuments of Paris. But the chief object of the museum is to exhibit the sketches and models of architecture, sculpture, and painting ordered by the Municipality of Paris for various townhalls and public buildings. Besides these numerous and interesting sketches, cartoons, and models, the museum contains a remarkable collection of tapestries, which alone are worth a visit.

President and Madame Carnot propose to spend the summer at Fontainebleau, where they will inhabit a wing of the old Palace.

T. C.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince George lunched on June 14 with the Duke and Duchess of Fernan Nuñez at Madrid; and later in the afternoon were present at a reception given by Sir Clare Ford in their honour at the British Embassy. The Ambassador had invited a large and distinguished party to meet their Royal Highnesses, and the Infanta Isabel was also present. The Queen Regent has signed a decree appointing the Duke a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece. The Duke and Duchess have left Spain.—The new Spanish Ministry has been formed as follows:—Señor Sagasta, President of the Council; the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Señor Puigcerver, Minister of Finance; Señor Moret, Minister of the Interior; Señor Alonso Martinez, Minister of Justice; Señor Canalejas, Minister of Commerce; General O'Ryan, Minister of War; Admiral Rodriguez Arias, Minister of Marine; Señor Ruiz Capdebon, Minister of the Colonies.

At Bologna on June 13 the academical ceremonies were concluded by the presentation, in the presence of the Royal family, of the honorary degrees of Doctor conferred by the Bologna University upon foreign savants, present and absent. Professor Ceneri delivered a fine address, after which the foreign students were presented to their Majesties. The Queen conversed with them most graciously.

The Emperor Frederick, after a brief reign, breathed his last, surrounded by his sorrowing family, shortly after eleven o'clock on Friday morning, June 15. Memoirs of the late and the present Emperor, with particulars of the Emperor Frederick's death and funeral, are given in other columns.

The Budget Committee of the Austrian Delegation has agreed to the ordinary army estimates in their entirety as brought forward by the Government.

The American Senate have adopted a resolution in favour of the settlement of disputes arising between the United States and other nations by arbitration.

The new Governor-General of Canada, accompanied by Lady Stanley and attended by his staff, arrived at Montreal on June 12, being received by the Mayor and municipal council, and presented with the freedom of the city. An address of welcome was presented by the Mayor in English and French. Lord Stanley replied in both languages, his French speech being particularly well received and repeatedly interrupted by applause. The new Governor-General proceeded to Quebec next morning.—Mr. Charles Tupper, son of Sir Charles Tupper, the new Minister of Marine and Fisheries, has been re-elected to the Dominion House of Commons by acclamation.

The *Daily News* correspondent at Simla telegraphs that fighting has taken place on the Afghan frontier in the Agror district. Major Battye and Captain Urmoston were killed.

The Australian conference on the Chinese labour question has concluded its deliberations. Resolutions were adopted

urging the Imperial Government to enter into negotiations with China for a treaty to protect the Colonies from immigration. A draught Bill was also adopted, based upon the resolutions. The Colonial Governments are urged to do all in their power to pass it.

The new Queensland Ministry is constituted as follows:—Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith, Premier, Chief Secretary, and Colonial Treasurer; Hon. B. D. Morehead, Colonial Secretary; Hon. M. Hume Black, Secretary for Public Lands; Hon. J. M. Macrossan, Secretary for Public Works and Mines; Hon. H. M. Nelson, Secretary of Railways; Hon. E. Donaldson, Postmaster-General and Secretary for Public Instruction; Hon. A. J. Thynne, Minister of Justice and Government Representative in the Council; Hon. W. Pattison, Minister without portfolio. The Legislative Assembly has passed a temporary Supply Bill authorising an expenditure of £250,000, and Parliament has adjourned till Aug. 14.—Sir James Garrick, who was a member of the late Ministry, has tendered his resignation of the Agent-Generalship for the colony in London, which has been accepted by the Governor. Mr. Thomas Archer, who formerly held the post, has been appointed as his successor.

A gold discovery is reported from Australia which bids fair to rival the almost fabulous wealth of the Queensland Mount Morgan Mine. A party of explorers in Western Australia are stated to have discovered a series of reefs, or what might more properly be described as a huge deposit or mountain of gold, bearing stone of unsurpassed richness, the extent of which has not been fully ascertained.

Sir Henry Brougham Loch, Governor of Victoria, opened Parliament on June 19. He congratulated the colony on its continued prosperity. Much had been done to improve and strengthen the defences. The forts were rapidly approaching completion, and the naval and military efficiency had been increased. The formation of a first-class reserve was also projected. The patriotic sentiment which had led the two Houses to pass the Imperial Defence Bill had been responded to in a characteristic manner by the mother country. His Excellency referred next to the Chinese question; and then touched upon the approaching Centennial Exhibition in Melbourne, saying he had reason to believe that the Exhibition would far transcend anything seen in this part of the world. In conclusion, his Excellency spoke of the financial and commercial position of the colony. At no time, he said, since the foundation of the colony had the prosperity been so marked as at present.

EXPERIMENTAL DEFENCE OPERATIONS AT PORTSMOUTH.

The exhibition at Portsmouth and Spithead, on Saturday, June 9, to a large party of members of the House of Commons accompanying Lord Charles Beresford, of submarine mine and naval torpedo experiments, with a mimic combat between H.M.S. Hero and Swift torpedo-boats, was noticed in our last. The submarine mine experiments in Porchester Creek were similar to those carried out on a much larger scale at Milford Haven the year before last. The creek was supposed to represent the entrance to a harbour in which lay at anchor a defending force of gun-boats and smaller craft. At a given signal from the flag-ship, boats were seen to put out from these vessels towing spars and carrying mines to the entrance of the creek, and in a few minutes a boom obstruction and entanglements were placed in position, while the mine-field was planted with observation and electro-contact mines. Observation mines are those fired by observers from the shore when a vessel is seen to be over them; the other description explode on contact or when violently bumped. No sooner were the defenders ready than, at another signal, the attacking party got to work. First under cover of a heavy fire from the attacking gun-boats, which was replied to by the defending craft, several gigs and cutters started out to sweep the channel for contact mines, and very soon successfully exploded two of this description with their creepers. Then a swift steaming picket-boat dashed forward to the boom, and, despite the defending fire from the Skylark's 6-inch guns, placed a large charge against it, and, after retreating to a safe distance, exploded it, blowing the sparks high into the air. A wide passage was now clear for the creeping boats to advance inside the boom and continue their operations, whilst another kind of work was commenced to get rid of the observation mines. A very fast steamer, towing a barge laden with counter-mines, steamed up the channel, dropping its cargo of mines automatically as it proceeded, and at the same time a set of buoys to show the channel cleared. No sooner was the line of mines laid than a rocket from the firing vessel, shooting up, simulated their explosion, the concussion of which would, in actual practice, have been sufficient to explode all the observation mines within a radius sufficiently wide to have allowed for the passage of an ironclad. Of course, in broad daylight these operations could not be carried on with impunity; but, on a small scale, they were exactly those which would be employed at night to effect an entrance to a harbour. Methods of creeping for electric cables by means of grappling-hooks with small gun-cotton charges attached, and manœuvring the boats employed on this perilous work by means of electricity, were also exhibited; and then a move was made to Spithead, where the conflict took place between the turret-ship Hero and the torpedo-boats, of which we gave an illustration last week.

The anniversary dinner in connection with the North London University College Hospital was held at the Hôtel Métropole on June 19, Lord Herschell presiding. Subscriptions amounting to £1909 were announced.

Lord Rothschild presided on June 17 at the annual distribution of prizes at the Jews' Free School, Bell-lane, Spital-fields. The school educates 3500 children, and its annual expenditure is nearly £11,000. To meet this amount the school has endowments to the extent of £3000.

The Queen has directed Letters Patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for appointing Earl Howe, C.B., to be Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Leicester, in the room of Charles Cecil John, Duke of Rutland, K.G., deceased.

Letters Patent have been passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, nominating the Ven. Francis Henry Thicknesse, D.D., Archdeacon of Northampton, to be Bishop Suffragan of the See of Leicester; and the Rev. John Wogan Festing, M.A., has been granted the dignity of a Prebend in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in the City of London, in the room of Dr. William Walsham How, appointed to the Bishopric of Wakefield.

At the beginning of the present year a model of a steam life-boat was submitted to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution by Messrs. R. and H. Green, ship-builders, which, having passed through various modifications, as the result of consultation with the committee and their professional officers, was accepted by the institution, and Messrs. Green have now been instructed to build, as an experiment, a steam life-boat. It is to be 50 ft. long with 12 ft. beam, and to be propelled by a turbine wheel, worked by an engine of 170-horse power.

OBITUARY.

SIR ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, BART.

Admiral Sir Alexander Leslie Montgomery, third Baronet, R.N., died at his residence, 56, Cadogan-place, on June 13. He was born March 14, 1807, the second son of Sir Henry Conyngham Montgomery, first Baronet (descended from the noble house of Eglinton), by Sarah Mercer, his wife, daughter of Mr. Leslie Grove, of Grove Hall, in the county of Donegal, and was educated at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth. He entered the Royal Navy in 1819, became Commander in 1838, Captain in 1846, Vice-Admiral in 1871, and Admiral in 1877. He was appointed an officer of the Brazilian Order of the Southern Cross in 1845. The deceased officer married, June 30, 1840, Caroline Rose, daughter of Mr. James Campbell, of Hampton Court, Middlesex, and leaves two sons and five daughters. His eldest son, now Sir Hugh Conyngham Montgomery, late Major 6th Dragoon Guards, was A.D.C. to the seventh Duke of Marlborough, K.G., when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was born in 1847.

SIR EDWARD STRACEY, BART.

Sir Edward Henry Gervase Stracey, sixth Baronet, of Rackheath Hall, in the county of Norfolk, died at Bournemouth, on June 6. He was born at Kirby Bedon, Norfolk, Dec. 3, 1838, the eldest son of Sir Henry Josias Stracey, fifth Baronet, by Charlotte, his wife, only daughter and heiress of Mr. George Denne, of The Paddock, Canterbury, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, Aug. 7, 1885. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Norfolk, and was formerly Captain in Norfolk Artillery Militia. He married, April 28, 1870, Mary Gertrude, daughter of Sir Charles Des Vœux, second Baronet, and is succeeded by his eldest son, now Sir Edward Paulet Stracey, seventh and present Baronet, who was born in 1871.

SIR ALFRED POWER.

Sir Alfred Power, K.C.B., late Vice-President Local Government Board for Ireland, died at his residence, Raglan-road, Dublin, on June 7, aged eighty-three. He was the youngest son of Dr. John Power, of Lichfield, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Knowles, of Nailstone, Leicester. He was educated at Clare College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1826 as second in the first class of the Classical Tripos, and in the same year became Fellow of Downing College. He was called to the Bar in 1829. Sir Alfred was Factory Commissioner, 1833; Assistant Poor Law Commissioner, 1834; Chief Commissioner of the Irish Poor Law, 1849; and Vice-President of the Local Government Board for Ireland, 1872 to 1879. He married in 1836, Lucy Anne, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Starkie, Q.C., and was made a K.C.B. in reward for his long service in 1873.

GENERAL SIR DUNCAN CAMERON.

General Sir Duncan Alexander Cameron, G.C.B., Colonel 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch), died at Cambridge House, Blackheath, on June 8, aged eighty. He entered the Army in 1825, became Captain in 1833, Major in 1839, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1843, Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1859, Lieutenant-General in 1868, and General in 1874. He served throughout the Eastern campaign of 1854-55, commanded the 42nd Regiment at the battle of Alma, and the Highland Brigade at the battle of Balaklava, and the siege and fall of Sebastopol (medal with three clasps—officer of the Legion of Honour, Sardinian and Turkish medals, 3rd Class of the Medjidieh), and commanded the forces in New Zealand during the war of 1863-65 (medal with clasp). The deceased General was Governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, from 1868 to 1875. He was made C.B. in 1855, K.C.B. in 1864, and G.C.B. in 1873. Sir Duncan married, in 1873, Louisa Flora, daughter of Dr. Andrew Maclean, Deputy Inspector-General Royal Military College, Sandhurst, which lady died in 1875.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lord Robert Grosvenor, third son of the Duke of Westminster, at Constantinople, on June 16, of typhoid fever.

Mr. Robert L. Clark, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, on June 14. Mr. Clark had a distinguished university career.

Mr. William Creswick, the well-known Shakespearean actor, at his residence, 12, The Terrace, Kennington Park, on June 17, aged seventy-four.

Major-General Samuel Edgar Owen Ludlow, late Royal Madras Engineers, at Chislehurst-road, Richmond, Surrey, on June 7, aged seventy-six.

The Rev. Maxwell Julius Blacker, M.A., second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Valentine Blacker, C.B., Surveyor-General of India, at 121, St. George's-road, S.W., on June 11, aged sixty-six.

Mr. Frederick Simon Every, youngest son of Sir Henry Every, ninth Baronet, by Penelope, his wife, daughter of Sir John Parker Mosley, first Baronet, at Dunedin, New Zealand, on April 24, aged eighty-four.

Mr. Thomas Beale Browne, of Salperton Park, in the county of Gloucester, and of Crotta, in the county of Kerry, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff for Gloucester in 1858, at his residence, Keynsham-terrace, Cheltenham, on June 11, aged seventy-seven.

The Rev. Canon Hornby, Rector of Bury, Lancashire, at the Rectory, on June 19, in his seventy-second year. He was cousin of the present Earl of Derby, and was preferred in 1850, succeeding his father, and was Honorary Canon of Manchester Cathedral and Rural Dean.

Mr. George Wilson Maddison, of Partney Hall, in the county of Lincoln, J.P., on June 10, aged ninety-one. He married, in 1825, Frances Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Alan Bellingham, Bart., of Castle Bellingham, in the county of Louth, and leaves three sons and two daughters.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Atkinson, of Angerton, younger son of General Sir Thomas Bradford, G.C.B., on June 12. He was present at the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman (severely wounded), and at the siege of Sebastopol. He received the medal with four clasps, Fifth Class of the Medjidieh, and Turkish medal. He exchanged the name of Bradford for that of Atkinson by Royal license in 1871, on succeeding his brother.

The death-rate in London again declined in the week ending June 16, and was only 14.2 per thousand, a lower rate than in any week since September, 1885.

A village fête and bazaar were held on June 20 and the three following days in the Duke of Wellington's Riding-School, Knightsbridge, in aid of the funds of the Churchill Home for Factory Girls and Golden Bells Recreation-Rooms. The bazaar, which was under the special patronage of Princess Christian, Princess Frederica, and Princess Mary Adelaide, was of an unusually attractive character.

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TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY SEASIDE FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all trains to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

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To Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, and Harwich, daily, leaving Liverpool-street at 9.10 a.m. on Sundays, 9.20 a.m. on Mondays, and 7.50 a.m. on other days.
London, June, 1883. Wm. BIRT, General Manager.

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THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS, the BALTIC, &c.—The steam-yacht VICTORIA, 180 tons register, 1500-horse power, R. D. LUNHAM, Commander, will be dispatched from Tilbury Dock as follows:—
June 21, for 25 days' cruise to the Land of the Midnight Sun.
July 21, for 16 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fjords.
Aug. 11, for 16 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fjords.
Aug. 30, for 30 days' cruise to the Baltic.
About Nov. 1 next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD.
The Victoria is always on view between her cruises, has the Electric Light, bells, and all modern improvements. For particulars apply to MANAGER, Steam-Yacht Victoria Office, Carlton-chambers, 4, Regent-street, London, S.W.

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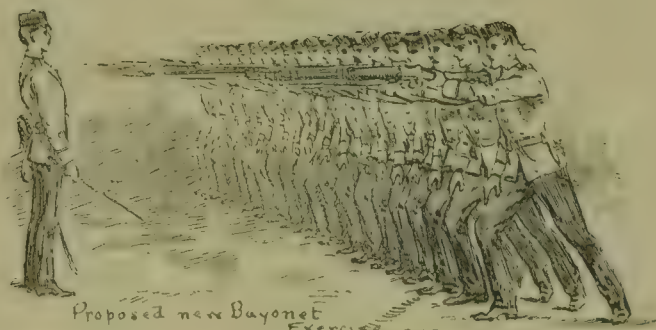
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THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR, FREDERICK III., KING OF PRUSSIA.

From a Photograph by Reichard and Lüdner, of Berlin.—[Reprinted from the Illustrated London News.]



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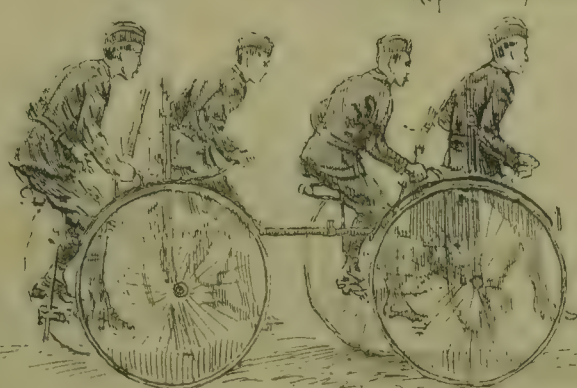
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constructed, Fire-proof, and lighted with Electricity. Works
by both deceased and living British Artists are included, and
contemporary Continental Art is largely represented.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

MACHINERY IN MOTION.
A prominent feature of the Exhibition is the Vast
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available for this interesting class of Exhibits.GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.
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and horse-shoe archways, and in brilliant colouring, it out-
shines that and every previous building of the kind seen in
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is as imposing as the mighty doorway of the Great Caenue
Mosque."GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.
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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush, say 'I love, and I love!'
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong,
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together!"

Yes, they were all at it again—the linnet and robin; the mavis and merle; the cuckoo telling us of his whereabouts in the heart of the thicket; the larks filling all the wide spaces of the sky with their silver song. But for this universal twittering, and clear carolling, and fluttering of wings, the world was still enough and silent enough. The red kine hardly moved in the meadows golden with buttercups. The olive-green masses of the elms, rising far into the pale blue of the heavens, did not stir a leaf. The warm sunlight seemed to draw forth a hundred scents from herbs and flowers, that hung in the motionless air. And as if all those glowing colours of bush and tree and blossom were not in themselves enough, we had them repeated on the mirror-like surface of the canal—an inverted fairy-land, with the various hues and tints mysteriously softened and blended together.

As one is idly gazing at all these things, and speculating as to how far a certain white butterfly, that has started early on its travels, will wander before the heat of noon causes him to close his wings on a head of clover, there is a quiet stirring of the willow-branches, and then a footfall on the gangboard connecting the boat with the shore. Turning forthwith one finds that it is Miss Peggy who has come down through those yellowed meadows, and it is Sir Ewen Cameron who is steadying the plank for her. She has been abroad thus early to gather flowers for the breakfast-table, she says; and in each hand she has a great cluster of buttercups. As for the June roses in her cheeks, where did she get them on so extremely still a morning? And as for the speedwell-blue of her eyes—But she passes hastily into the saloon, for the flower-glasses have to be filled.

Then this long, sandy-haired Highland officer: has he anything to say? He observes that the morning is beautiful—which is no secret. He thinks he saw a trout rise a little bit further along. Presently he puts this question—

"Shall you have any need of Murdoch's services this autumn?"

"I fear not."

"He is an exceedingly handy fellow—don't you think so?"

"I do."

"And very willing, isn't he?"

"He is."

"Well, now, don't you consider that a young fellow like that would be better in a settled situation than in doing odd jobs about Tobermory, with an occasional month or two's yachting in the summer?"

"I dare say he would, if it was anything of a situation."

"Do you think he would come to me at Inverfask?"

"Inverfask?"

"Yes. I would give him a fair wage; he would have employment all the year round; and he might look forward to some increase of pay if he deserved it."

"A permanent place at Inverfask—is that what you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you put that offer before him, Murdoch will be a proud lad."

"And you are sure you don't want him this autumn?"

"Almost certain—besides, that could not be allowed to interfere."

"I will go and ask him at once," said he; and he, too, disappeared into the saloon.

Well, now, the Nameless Barge seemed to be just filled with secrets and mysteries on this busy morning; but of course one had no time to pay heed to such trumpery things; for we had to make an early start in order to get through the chain of locks outside Devizes. Alas! when we came in sight of these, our hearts fell. We had not the courage to attack that appalling ascent. Why, from the far top of the hill right down here to the plain stretched a long, brown, ribbed thing like the under jaw of some mighty saurian monster, its jagged teeth waiting to devour us. It was a hideous object in the midst of this smiling and sun-warmed landscape. Anything in reason we could attempt; but not this; even Jack Duncombe succumbed.

"No," he said, "there's nothing in the shape of dogged



Two or three children came along through the fields to stare.

obstinacy about me. If I have to give in, I give in. I'm of the mind of your countryman, Miss Rosslyn, who was asked why he looked rather depressed. 'Well,' said he, 'my store's been burnt down, and I've lost every cent I had in the world. My wife was in the store; she was burned to death. All my children perished in the fire, too. So now I think I've had enough—I ain't a hog.' If you could get to heaven by climbing up that Jacob's ladder, it might be worth while trying; but it isn't heaven that's at the top—it's only Devizes. So I propose we leave Murdoch, and Columbus, and the Horse-Marine to fight it out amongst them—there's Columbus with his coat off already—and we can walk on to the town, and get letters posted, and telegrams sent off."

Telegrams? Was he still bent on that mad freak? In any case, it was safer to have no cognisance of it; he might do what he pleased; no questions would be asked. Indeed, they were all of them welcome to such twopenny-halfpenny secrets as they chose to cherish. Here was a brilliant and beautiful morning; the ascent of the long hill (when we had ignominiously left the boat to its fate) revealed an ever-extending view over a richly-wooded plain; the air was sweet; the trout were rising briskly in the reservoirs attached to the locks; and the matted masses of the water-buttercup were a blaze of white blossoms. The huge saurian jaw was disregarded. Miss Peggy, head in air, and marching proudly along, was repeating to herself—

"Down Dee-side came Inverey, whistling and playing,
He knocked loud at Brackla-gate ere the day's dawning,"

which she had got nearly perfect now. Colonel Cameron was apologising to Mrs. Threepenny-bit for having carried off her faithful Ganymede, to serve at Inverfask House. Jack Duncombe was eagerly surveying that wide plain: might not two young ladies be early abroad on so pleasant a morning—driving a smart little pony-chaise along the leafy lanes?

If there is any deader town than Devizes, in this country or any other, the present writer has no acquaintance with it. The very width of the central thoroughfare—filled, as it was on this morning, with a pale white sunlight—gives a sense of solitariness and loneliness. What bold man would cross this wide and empty street, drawing upon himself the eyes of the unseen community?—would he not rather slink round by the church, and gain the opposite pavement unobserved? When we called in at the small post-office, the people seemed quite startled by this apparition of visitors. And when we went for a ramble through the silent town—glancing into the unfrequented shops and the lifeless-looking little parlour-windows, it was to think of the placid, apathetic, unvarying lives led by these good folk as a very strange sort of thing. In one of these shops—devoted to the sale of apples and

confections, apparently—a young girl was sitting behind the counter, reading what appeared to be some kind of cheap journal of fiction. There was no one else in the place; it looked as if no one else ever had been there, or was expected; and, as we passed, the girl happened to raise her head from the periodical she held in her hands. Her eyes looked a trifle beglamoured and unobservant.

"And you fancy, now," says Jack Duncombe to Mrs. Threepenny-bit, who has been making remarks, "that that girl leads a very lonely life—in that little bit of a shop—in this empty town? Why, I will wager that she is at this moment back again into the most gay and brilliant of fashionable society, listening to the most beautiful language, in gorgeous and gilded saloons. She isn't in Devizes at all; she is moving through splendid palaces; and breathlessly watching how her particular friends are getting on—and not one of them less than a Marquis. 'My Lord, in your Lordship's honour to-night the fountains shall spout naught but perfume; and a thousand wax candles shall shed their brilliancy o'er the banquet.' 'Lit by a spark from your Ladyship's beaming eyes,' responded the chivalrous nobleman, bowing low. In the society that that lonely shop-girl enjoys—that she revels in from morning till night—lords and ladies converse like lords and ladies; and Duchesses know what is expected of them. I never had but one conversation with a Duchess; and she talked all the time about her scientific nerve, and what the *massage* treatment was doing for her."

He was pretending to be very much at his ease, as we wandered along through the little town, chatting aimlessly the while; but all the same he would from time to time direct a swift backward glance along the wide, empty thoroughfare. Was there still a chance, then, that a certain pony-chaise might suddenly appear in sight? One almost began to share in his secret anticipation. It would be rather nice if Maud and her sister were to come back with us to the boat for luncheon. Young ladies of somewhat robust nerve, one had gathered. Perhaps with coal-black eyes, and country cheeks, and rippling laughter? The divinity that doth hedge a ward of Court would hardly be visible in the snug seclusion of the saloon; and if anything came of it—if that pestilent Vice-Chancellor should grow fractious and perverse, could we not go before him and swear it was all the result of an accident, seeing there had been no chance of sending off any telegram from Seend? But the great white sunlit thoroughfare remained as empty as ever. A cat slunk along by the church railings—there was no other sign of life. And so—wistfully giving up all hope of encountering the blushing Maud and her jovial sister—we slowly toiled away up the hill again, to see if Columbus and his mates had successfully vanquished the saurian monster.

Now perhaps it was that some school had been set free;



The red kine hardly moved in the meadows.

but at all events when the Nameless Barge drew near the outskirts of the little town, her appearance was hailed with delight by a considerable concourse of small girls and boys; and these interesting brats were speedily engaged in summoning their elder relatives; so that, by the time the boat had reached the bridge, it was being regarded by a population greater than any we had supposed Devizes to possess. To escape from the curiosity of these cottagers did not at first seem an easy matter, until we espied a yard fenced on three sides by a tall paling, and coming down to the water's edge; accordingly, we shoved the boat along to this place of shelter, and made her fast, defeating the following crowd. Columbus and the Horse-Marine went away to get their dinner, which they had stoutly earned; and Murdoch came on board to set forth some bit of lunch for us. Jack Duncombe seemed somewhat depressed. No doubt it was tantalising to know that those young ladies were so near, and that presently we should be moving away. As for Holloway Gaoi, and its limited interviews, and its lights out at such and such an hour, he probably did not think of all that.

At lunch we were listening to a far from fiery controversy between Miss Ros-lyn and Colonel Cameron as to the respective merits of Monarchical and Republican forms of government, when something occurred to withdraw our attention from that by no means engrossing subject.

"You see," the tall soldier was saying, in his quiet, persuasive fashion, and she was an apt and attentive scholar rather than a fierce disputant, "you must remember that now a-days kings are not self-created. A king reigns not because he chooses to govern a people, but because the people choose to be governed by him. The queen-bee does not coerce the

your cake and been only too painfully aware that you had it, and were likely to have it?"

The boy looked at him—and looked. Then he looked at the saloon—at the table—at us—and gazed. Finally, as there was nothing to be done with him, Jack Duncombe, figuratively speaking, threw him ashore again; and got ready to pole the boat across to the tow-path, where Captain Columbus was now waiting.

After leaving Devizes, there are fifteen miles of plain sailing without the interruption of a single lock; so that we made good progress this afternoon. The canal, which is here so little used that it abounds with all kinds of water-plants—the white buttercup conspicuous amongst them—winds along a high plateau which affords extensive views over the neighbouring landscape. Not that we saw this somewhat lonely stretch of country under the most favourable conditions. As we stole along by Bishops Cannings and All Cannings and Stanton Fitzwarren the still air seemed to be threatening thunder; the skies were of a cloudy milky-white; and the hills that rose to the horizon-line both on north and south—Roughbridge Hill, Easton Hill, St. Ann's Hill, Etchilhampton Hill, Wivelsford Hill, and the like—were slowly deepening in gloom. Then came rain; and forthwith these idle people fled into the saloon, to books and writing, and tea and what not. All but the faithful Peggy, that is to say. Miss Peggy not only went and fetched the steer-man his waterproof, but she also brought out her own; and having drawn the hood over her pretty brown hair, and fastened it securely under the chin, she took up her position on the steering-thwart. Was she still anxious, then, to show her gratitude, in some vague tentative way? At all events her companionship on this sombre afternoon was sufficiently welcome.

But one soon began to discover what had brought Miss Peggy out into the rain: her remarks about the weather were speedily over.

"Has Colonel Cameron," she asks presently, with a very becoming hesitation, and with downcast eyes, "has Colonel Cameron said anything—anything particular—to you?"

"Nothing very particular."

"No, I suppose not," she continues, with the same pretty hesitation. "I had to ask him not to say anything—because—because I don't wish Mr. Duncombe to know. But you ought to know. Yes, you ought to know."

"Do you think I don't know?"

"What?"

"And this is the way they keep a young lady's secret!—making it as plain as the nose on a man's face or a weather-cock on a steeple. And you are especially anxious to conceal it from Jack Duncombe, are you? Don't you think it possible Mr. Duncombe may have his own little affairs to attend to? Well, well, you've done it at last, I suppose; and it's very little you know of the fate you are rushing upon—you poor, fluttering, timid, solitary creature. Banishment to the regions of perpetual ice—that is a pretty future for you. Think of the gales howling down from the North Sea—the glens blocked up with snow—no communication with the rest of the world—the rivers and lakes hard frozen—hail changing to sleet, and sleet changing to hail—a Polar bear prowling round the crofts—a walrus!"

"And a carpenter—you mustn't forget the carpenter," says this young lady, who isn't as easily frightened as you might imagine.

"The roads impassable—no letters or newspapers for a month at a stretch—if you want to go out of the house you'll have to get a path cut through the snow—And what will poor Peggy do then, poor thing?"

"Poor Peggy will wrap herself up in her great big ulster," she answers placidly. "Yes. Your wife is going to write to the island of Harris for a web of homespun cloth for me, and I'm going to have heaps of things made of it—an ulster, to begin with. But it isn't so very dreadful in the Highlands, is it?"

"Dreadful in the Highlands, you simple innocent! Why, don't you know that that blessed land has hot water laid on winter and summer? There never was a country so carefully provided for. The Gulf of Mexico is the pot they boil the water in; and then it is taken all the way across the Atlantic, and poured along those happy shores. So you needn't wonder that they have camellias growing in the open air; and tree-fuchsias covering the fronts of houses; and bats flying about in January!"

Now, this was to her a most interesting subject; and we were far from blessing Jack Duncombe when he came bustling out with his discovery that there was a great white horse cut on the side of a hill we were then passing—about Alton Priors. We cared not a jot about that big, long-necked, ill-shapen creature that looked more like a camelopard than anything else. We knew not what it meant; and were not inclined to ask. Besides, the country about here is of a commonplace character—hardly worth regarding. Moreover, we had seen horses cut upon hillsides elsewhere. And again, we had private matters to talk over. But the distraction served to draw attention to the fact that the rain had ceased; so waterproofs were forthwith thrown aside; and we were glad to welcome a few pale touches of yellow among those lowering clouds.

However, the evening never really cleared, indeed, twilight came over prematurely, and so, when we got to New Mill Bridge, we made up our minds to remain there for the night. There must have been some hamlet in the neighbourhood, for two or three small children came along through the fields to stare at this strange thing all afire in the dusk; but presently they, too—as well as Captain Columbus and the Horse-Marine—had disappeared, and we were left to shut ourselves in from the now darkening world.

That evening, amid our various occupations and diversions (it is to be hoped that the sensitive ears of the night were not too much shocked; but this small company seemed mirthfully inclined, for some occult reason or another), a good deal was said about Savernake Forest; and we hoped we should have a good day on the morrow for a glimpse of the only one of the ancient forests of England that does not belong to the Crown. But it was very little of Savernake Forest we were fated to see—it was nothing at all, in short. When we got away the next morning, we found that the canal still continued at this high level; but that the hills and terraces fringing the forest were still higher; so that all that met the eye were some green slopes and banks, a profusion of hawthorn-bushes covered with bloom, and some hedges white with cow-parsley. However, after we had made our way through a tunnel (a train rattled by overhead when we were inside, and there was a rolling reverberation as of thunder) and got along a bit further, the landscape once more opened out around us—rising at the horizon into far ridges of low-lying hill, mostly crowned with wood. It was not a brilliant specimen of a June day; there was still a sullen look about the sky, and a heavy feeling in the air; none the less, we had never before heard the larks so busy—the whole wide world seemed filled with their singing.

Now, what happened to us during that day must, for various reasons, be chronicled briefly and with discretion. We entertained two visitors, who were curious to see what the Nameless

Barge was like. When they had dismissed the dog-cart by which they had managed to overtake us, they were easily persuaded to stay to luncheon; and Queen Tita was very gracious to them. After luncheon, they had a mind to see how the saloon appeared at night (having heard something of our mild revelries); and so all the red blinds were drawn, and the lamps and candles lit, making a very pretty show. Then we went outside; but they were of an enterprising disposition, these two; and asked why, instead of standing at the bow, or sitting in the stern-sheets, we did not take up our quarters on the roof—thereby securing a wider view? Well, that was a command; and forthwith Inverfask and Murdoch (Jack Duncombe spoke no word to these young ladies, and apparently remained unaware of their existence) had between them haled forth a sufficiency of rugs and cushions (Utrecht velvet); and these being placed along the house-roof, the whole party of voyagers clambered up thither, and took their places, in more or less of an Eastern fashion, as it pleased them. Unfortunately, this experiment was very nearly ending in a catastrophe. The Nameless Barge had never been so top-hampered before; and at one point—whether the rope caught on a stump, or whether there was some sudden bend—we found her quietly heeling over; and if Murdoch, who was steering, had not jumped to the opposite side, and put all his weight on the rail, the whole of us must certainly have been deposited in the water. The young ladies shrieked—and were vastly amused at the same time. We parted with them at Hungerford, walking up to the station with them. They were very grateful for the little entertainment we had been able to afford them. Jack Duncombe said no word of good-bye—no, not even when



Colonel Cameron, lounging idly along, one hand behind his back, the other holding a big cigar when he has not taken the trouble to light.

hive; the hive agree to respect and guard the queen-bee. And even in the old days tyrants and tyrannies had their uses. They aroused antagonism, heroism, patriotism. Italy, when she had to fight the Austrian, became splendid; now she's nothing. When a nation has got all the freedom it wants, it takes to making money; and that is the basest—the most degrading—of occupations."

This was he going on when a very singular object became visible outside. The smaller windows of the saloon were just about level with the bank; and, indeed, the nettles, daisies, and dandelions growing there almost touched the panes. It was startling, therefore, to discover, among these weeds, a large pair of hobnailed boots. At first, we could not imagine how they came to be there, and to be so remarkably close to us; but presently we perceived that above each boot there was a strip of corduroy. And then it dawned upon us that here were the lower portions of a human being—a foundation, as it were, on which the fancy could build up any kind of superstructure it chose. *Ecce homo!* The boots were large, not to say huge. Was this, then, some young giant who had scrambled over the tall paling? Or perhaps the owner of the boatyard, who had come in by the legitimate gate, and was now staring at this strange craft that had invaded his premises? Jack Duncombe solved the problem. He went outside and addressed the inquisitive stranger. We heard him talking, coaxing, expostulating; then, as these invitations were of no avail, he would appear to have stepped ashore, and gripped the newcomer by the scruff of the neck: the next moment we beheld him at the door of the saloon—a shock-headed boy of ten or twelve, whose stolid bovine gaze seemed to have no curiosity in it—only a blank wonder. He was asked if he had seen any boat like this before; but vouchsafed no reply. Mechanically he accepted a lump of cake that Mrs. Threepenny-bit cut for him; but there was no word of thanks.

"Boy," said Jack Duncombe to him, solemnly, "that is cake. And you have a mouth. Or are you afraid? Is it possible that you have discovered the fallacy of the proverb that you mayn't eat your cake and have it too? Have you eaten



"For Inverfask, Colonel!"

they were in the railway carriage. We returned to the boat, and continued on our way, heartily hoping to hear no more of that adventure.

This evening we moored near Kintbury, and after dinner we set forth—all of us, that is to say, except the Short Noticer, who was busy with his books—on an exploration of this straggling, picturesque little place, whose old-fashioned, gabled, and casemated houses, and ancient square-towered church looked very well in the wan, clear twilight. And as Colonel Cameron was walking in front with his hostess, Miss Peggy had a good deal to say to her companion about both these people.

"Colonel Anne is not so tall as Colonel Cameron," she observes, rather in an undertone—for they are not very far ahead—"but she is twice and three times the Jacobite he is. I do believe she would have raised a regiment for Bonnie Prince Charlie if she had lived in those days; and I know she would have gone wild about Flora Macdonald if she had been in London when Flora was released from prison. I like to hear Colonel Cameron speak of 'Miss Macdonald'; it isn't merely that it is respectful; it sounds as if the Camerons of Inverfask and the Macdonalds of Kingsburgh were neighbouring families, or related to each other, and knew each other quite well. He has a good many things that were bought at the sale of Kingsburgh House; and I suppose they are all, in a kind of way, connected with Prince Charlie. I wonder what I should do with the little mirror-frame that came from Fassiefern; would you put a piece of old glass in it if that could be got, or leave it as it is?"

And then, again she says:—

"What a lot I've got to do when I go back to town!—the books I must get—a History of the Highland Regiments first and foremost—a History of the Claus—I don't know what all. Your wife has promised to lend me a volume of pipe-music, though she says those marches are so difficult to play on the piano. Which are your favourites?"

"The Barren Rocks of Aden" and "The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar."

"I will remember those. The 79th Regiment—isn't that the Cameron Highlanders?"

"It is."

"And the 42nd—that is the Black Watch, isn't it?"

"It is."

"And the Gordon Highlanders—they are the 75th, aren't they?"

"They are. But why this catechism?"

"Oh, well," she says evasively, "Sir Ewen is very anxious that your wife and I should go down to Aldershot to be shown over the camp, and of course one would not like to be quite ignorant."

"But do you imagine that Aldershot Camp is made up of Highland regiments?"

"I wonder," she continues (and now a window is being lit here and there in the village—the pale yellow glow of the candles projecting upon the blind the shadow of the geranium-pots ranged on the inner sill), "I wonder where he keeps his medals. I do wish you would persuade him to send for them. Couldn't he have them forwarded to Reading or to Henley? If you only knew how I am longing to see them. Well—I have been thinking—perhaps he has neglected them—for men are so careless; but your wife and I could brighten them up, and brush the cases, and make them neat and smart for him. Women can do that better than a man can."

Presently she says—

"Does he wear them when he goes to a Levée at Buckingham Palace?"

"Haven't the least idea."

"The Victoria Cross, anyway. He must wear the Victoria Cross at any State ceremony where the Queen is present,



We beheld him at the door of the saloon—a shock-headed boy of ten or twelve.

surely? Is it true that when the Queen presents the Victoria Cross to anyone, she pins it on his breast with her own hands?"

"I believe so."

"I should like to see that done," she observes absently. And then again—as she is regarding the tall soldier in front of her, who is leaning idly along, one hand behind his back, the other holding a big cigar which he has not taken the trouble to light—she laughs a little, and says—

"Just to think—that I used to be afraid of him!"

This was a long-protracted ramble; and the curiosity of our young American friend about everything relating to the Highlands and the modes of life there proved to be quite insatiable, just as it was simple, honest, and ingenuous. When we got back to the boat the dusk had come down, and all the little red windows were aglow, but Mrs. Threepenny-bit did not go on board; Colonel Cameron did; and we guessed that she had sent him to summon Mr. Duncombe away from his boots.

"Your servant, Colonel!" says Miss Peggy, as we come up. "What do you mean?" the smaller woman answers. "Have you changed services, Peggy? You've been a sailor all the way through—are you going to leave the navy for the army?"

"Yes," says Miss Peggy, lightly. "I have enlisted. And what's more—I've got my marching orders."

"Where for?"

This tall young recruit brings up the palm of her hand to her forehead, and makes a very fair imitation of a military salute.

"For Inverlask, Colonel," she says—and the night conceals the laughing shyness of her cheeks.

(To be continued.)

ART AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

The picture galleries at the Italian Exhibition are now in order, and on closer inspection will be found to fully bear out the encomium which Sir Frederick Leighton passed on modern Italian art. To those who can recall the local displays which were occasionally attempted in the larger towns of Italy prior to 1860, the revival of Italian art within a quarter of a century is very noteworthy. It would seem as if the nation then awoke from a lethargy which pervaded every department of life. Its artists had sunk to the level which French art had reached before the Revolution; and in many ways they seem to have followed, perhaps unwittingly, the aims and traditions of the same artificial school. The revival, too, seems to partake very much of the same character, for we seem to see in the works of Sciuti, Cammaranno, Marczani and others much of that feeling and passion which marked the work of David, Gros, Vernet, and the French classicists; whilst in Calderini, Costa, and Palizzi we may trace that tendency to restore Nature to her place which Rousseau and Troyon vindicated for her in French art. The collection of twelve pictures selected from the King of Italy's private gallery at Capodimonte illustrates even more forcibly and completely the phase through which the modern Italian school is passing. To our eyes the colours may seem too brilliant, the shadows too black, or the action too forcible; but it is not altogether fair to judge foreigners by our own criteria, or even by our own preferences. The conditions under which Italians paint and see are altogether different to those which surround English, French, and Dutch artists; and we must bear in mind that colour, for its own sake, is valued far higher south of the Alps than under our paler skies. Of these twelve typical pictures the striking scene representing the interview between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, which occupies the first place in the catalogue, gives only one side of Jacovacci's talent; but it will share with Cammaranno's "Charge of the Bersaglieri" (2) and Boggiani's "Chestnut Harvest" (7) the suffrages of the English public.

It is somewhat to be regretted that the managers of this part of the Italian Exhibition did not succeed in keeping more distinctly separate the works of the various schools of painting now flourishing in Italy. Their special characteristics are sufficiently interesting to make them worthy of separate study. Thus, for example, Ferroni's "Before the Squall" (218), a masterpiece in its way; Fattori's "Macchiajole" (226), the forest-lurker; Mussini's "Game of Chess" (270); Faldi's character study (253); and Vine's "Gathering Wild Flowers" (216) and the "Gardener's Daughter" (212) are instances of the various phases of the modern Tuscan school. Of Roman art, Professor Sciuti's powerful historical works are among the most important as well as the most striking. "The Second Foundation of Rome" (248)—by Camillus—shows the reception of the Dictator Camillus by the priests in the forum of the devastated city after the defeat of Brennus; and the same artist's other great work is likewise inspired by the story of the struggle for freedom. It represents the final conflict between the forces of Syracuse and those of the Carthaginians under Hamilcar, when the foreigners were finally crushed on the very day that the Greeks were vindicating their liberty at Salamis. In a more quiet tone are Pazzini's "Monte Mario" (585), Tancredi's "Julius II. after the Battle of Mirandola" (676), Attanasio's "Pourparlers" (688), and Eruli's "Pergolase at the Funeral of the Princess Spinelli" (672). The Neapolitan school is more numerous though scarcely so strongly represented; but the phases of rural life are not without interest. Amongst such may be named Denza's studies, "Springtime" (753, &c.), Alberto Melillo's pastels, Montefusco's "Environers of Naples" (801), and, especially, Michele Tedesco's "Invasion of a Pythagorean School" (803), an allegorical work which is full of thought as well as fancy. Antonio Leto's "Tunny-Fishing" (828) and other scenes of Sicilian life are also interesting as revealing a distinct individuality of treatment.

The school of Turin is represented chiefly by Delleani's studies from nature, Gilardi's "Confidences" (79) and "Spring Song" (76), and Cerruto Bandue's landscapes, of which "The Environs of Pignerol" (173), his home, is one of the most successful. Of the Milanese school, Morbelli and Sequirini, the leaders of the Impressionists in Italy, are the most largely represented, each sending upwards of a dozen works; but Fornaro's Moorish scenes, Tranquillo Cremona's genre pictures, and Tomenetti's landscapes show that there are other currents of art which flow strong in the Lombard capital.

A few words should also be said of the very interesting collection of Italian sculpture, which by itself would give a favourable idea of the art-movement in Italy. The specimens are unfortunately too much crowded to be seen to advantage; and perhaps there is a superabundance of mere busts and portraits, of the facial value of which it is difficult to speak. Such works, however, as Caroni's "Venus and Cupid" (148) and "Leda" (152), Forardi's "Happy Age" (174) and "Sweet Rest" (179), D'Orsi's "Fisher-Boy" (10), Ferrari's "Cum Spartaco pugnabit" (20) display very considerable merit; but it is with some pride that we find our fellow countryman, Warrington Wood, who lived and died in Rome, is recognised by and held his place with honour among his adopted countrymen.

In the various churches and other places of worship on Sunday, June 17, the death of the Emperor Frederick was dwelt upon by the preachers, and prayers were offered for the afflicted widow and relatives of the Emperor.

NEW TALE BY MR. BESANT.

A Serial Story, "For Faith and Freedom," written expressly for *The Illustrated London News*, by Mr. Walter Besant, will be commenced in our Number for July 7, the first of a New Volume, and be continued weekly to its close.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is only one short year ago that the noble form of the Emperor Frederick, that splendid presence just committed to the darkness of the tomb, drew admiring eyes as he walked before Queen Victoria along the nave of England's greatest fane. A true King amongst men, indeed, he looked that day; his stalwart form towering above those around him; his martial step no less than his spotless uniform proclaiming the perfect physical training of the true soldier; his countenance, with its expression of generous, unselfish, and tender feeling united with fearlessness, directness, and resolution, seeming to indicate a height of moral stature corresponding with that of the bodily frame. No trace was visible then of wasting sickness, or of pain more than the common lot of mankind. Yet already he and his family knew that he was in serious danger, and the exceptional warmth of the embrace which the Queen gave to that wedded pair of her children had doubtless, all public though it was, the sanctity of a mother's greeting under the very shadow of the dread eternal parting. For to him, bending next after her own heir to kiss her hand, the Queen gave a tender embrace; and then, as he passed by her again, when all the rest had paid their homage, the Queen suddenly, with the warm, impulsive emotion which all who have read her Majesty's journals know her to possess, reached out her hand to draw this Prince to her, and conferred on him a second, special, motherly kiss. So, too, with the now-widowed Empress. She stood on the other side of the Coronation chair till all the Princes had passed, and the Queen turned to the Princesses; stood grave, serious, almost stern. Then as her mother turned towards her, the Crown Princess, stepped quickly forward, threw herself upon both knees beside the throne, caught her mother's hand, and pressed passionate kisses upon it; then she raised her face to that tender maternal breast, to receive kiss after kiss upon her cheek, and for a moment the Royal mother and daughter held each other close, in no formal embrace, but in a burst of genuine feeling and loving sympathy too real and vivid to be affected by the presence of a crowd.

The Queen turned to her daughters when all the Princes had kissed hands. Yes, that is what it is to be a woman! Though the eldest born of her mother, the Princess Royal could not be Queen of England; and after a mere shadow of reigning she now, in the prime of her high intelligence, must give up her rule and resign her Sovereign influence in Germany. Is this, then, all there is to come from that powerful intellect, that long and careful cultivation for the Monarch's responsibilities and powers, those high ambitions for public progress and for the good of womanhood? Oh! foolish world, that squanders thus its choicest gifts because they are enshrined in a woman's brain! that only receives its Princesses "after all the Princes have taken precedence!" For the noble lady herself, who at one fell blow loses husband, position, and opportunity, one's heart may bleed, but in vain. Let us hope that somewhere else there may be reward for the labour and thought and noble effort that here seem wasted; fruition and accomplishment for powers here so mysteriously despoiled of their opportunities; compensation for human lives so cut short in their flower!

The University of Bologna, which has this week celebrated its eight-hundredth anniversary, is remarkable for the record of how women, during its existence, have held positions of importance in connection with it. The most recent illustration is Clotilda Tambroni, whose epitaph is inscribed on the great door of the University. She was Greek Professor there in the early part of this very century; and, having been dismissed from her post on account of her anti-Republican sentiments, was replaced by the special order of Napoleon. Signora Tambroni was the first Greek scholar of her day in Southern Europe. In the Anatomical Museum of the University is found the bust of Signora Mazzolini, once Professor of Anatomy in the University. Laura Bassi in the eighteenth century lectured there on physics; she was a Doctor of Philosophy of the University. She lectured during thirty successive years, beginning when she was only twenty-one years old; yet she managed to find time to attend to twelve children—"her marriage," as her biographer says, "only adding to her womanly charm without destroying her individuality or putting an end to her scientific studies." Maria Gaetana Agnesi was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of Bologna in 1758. Her father was Professor before her; and when he was taken ill, his daughter, educated by himself, was allowed to deliver his discourses in his place; but as she was young and very pretty, she had to be concealed behind a curtain while speaking. Ultimately, she proved her learning to be so profound and extensive that she received the appointment to the Professorship in her own person. Of course, all these ladies taught young men.

Every event yet unfulfilled in the London season is either entirely abandoned or at least shorn of a large part of its attractions, by the sad event at Berlin. The Royal Military Tournament, which annually receives a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales, and which on that occasion in particular also attracts a great number of fashionable visitors, will this year not have the advantage of their presence. The Agricultural Hall, where the tournament is held, is, however, crowded on every occasion by the populace. The thousands who fill the cheaper galleries, and who stand several rows deep, welded together like a compact mass on the floor around the arena, are a source of constant wonder to me. The individual competitions, sword against sword or bayonet, single-stick, lemon-cutting, tent-pegging, and so on, are followed with the keenest interest; while the showy displays of cavalry-riding and the like, arranged by Major Tully and the committee, are greeted with roars of applause. In these tournaments, indeed, the best part of the art of war is seen. The developed strength, the skilled muscle, the discipline, the neatness, the ready and rapid obedience, the courageous submission to defeat, the resolute struggle for success, are all admirable to contemplate, morally as well as physically. The musical ride of the Guards (it is the Royal Horse Guards Blue this year) is, merely as a spectacle, very fine. The massive troopers in all the glory of shining cuirasses, plumed helmets, jack-boots and white gloves, and gold cord ornaments, sitting like rocks on the great, well-groomed, black horses, are a superb sight. But the skill with which the chargers are guided by an imperceptible touch, turning suddenly short in much less than their own length, trotting or galloping just as they should, and executing with absolute precision the most intricate manoeuvres—this skill, this trained and disciplined perfectness are the real charm. The thought will come now and again—how dreadful that all these men in the prime of their fine manhood are maintained by the labour of others, and for no other purpose than to kill or be killed to order! Especially is this forced on one in the "combined display of all arms," where the wret had little machine guns, Nordenfeldt, Gardner, and Hotchkiss, that spit out bullets faster than the eye can follow when a handle is but turned, are seen in full action, and some of the men, in order to give the ambulance corps a share in the display, fall as though severely wounded. It is cruelly realistic.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

By the lamented death, on Friday, June 15, of the good Emperor Frederick, who succeeded his father, the Emperor William I., on March 9, the Royal Crown of Prussia and the headship of the modern German Federal Empire have devolved on the late Emperor's eldest son, who reigns as William II. His Majesty, Frederick William Victor Albert, hitherto Crown Prince, son of Frederick William Nicholas Charles, the late Emperor, and of the Empress Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal of Great Britain, was born at Berlin on Jan. 27, 1859. At the age of ten he was, like his father, placed in the Prussian Army as a second Lieutenant of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards; he was educated by private tutors, and in the Gymnasium at Cassel, and at the University of Bonn. The early part of his education, at Berlin, has been recently described by a former tutor, who, writing in *Murray's Magazine*, refers to him as "a frank, well-mannered, genial boy." Reviews and similar State functions were, as we are told, the only interruptions to the work of the young Prince; he never had any holidays. "He went on with his studies the entire morning with only the half minute's break that was afforded as one professor rose to go and a second entered the room and took his place. And if the full tale of sixty minutes was reduced by one through the unpunctuality of the master, a heavy frown used to cloud the kindly features of his governor." The tutor adds that, judging not only by the Prince's general intelligence and information, which was quite exceptional for his age, but by his knowledge of English, the system was successful. "After," he says, "an experience of teaching many hundreds of English boys of the same age, I do not hesitate to say that Prince William could write English and knew English history and English literature as well as boys of fifteen at an ordinary public school." It is further said, "Nothing could be more simple and natural than the lives the Princes lived. Whether in their school-rooms, their meals, or the manner in which they were treated, there was but little to distinguish them from the children of any gentleman of good fortune. The words 'Royal Highness' were never used. 'Prince,' or 'Prince William' was the universal form, except indeed from their governor, who more often perhaps used the phrase 'Lieber Prinz.' The Prince was very fond, I remember, of fairy stories, and lent me more than one of Lord Brabourne's books." Having passed his final examinations a few days before his eighteenth birthday, in 1877, the Prince was introduced to officers for special instruction in military matters, ever since undergoing a process of higher education, military and civil, for the exalted station which he is now called upon to fill. He was betrothed in June, 1880, and married in the following January, on his twenty-second birthday, to Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, daughter of the late Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein and of Duchess Adelaide, and niece of Prince Christian. A recent biography of the late Emperor, referring to the betrothal, says the Princess was Prince William's free and unconstrained choice. She was looked upon as thoroughly German by descent, by training, and in all her sympathies. Of their children, the eldest, Prince Frederick William Victor, born on May 6, 1882, is now Crown Prince; the second, Prince William Eitel Frederick Christian, was born July 7, 1883; and the third, Prince Adalbert Ferdinand, July 14, 1884.

The first act of the new Emperor, on the day of his father's death, was to issue proclamations to the Army and Navy, announcing this event, and his own accession to the throne; his Majesty, in these proclamations, speaks as follows:—

"In the army a fixed, unswerving devotion to the Sovereign is the inheritance which passes from father to son, from generation to generation; and for my part I may call your attention to the figure of my grandfather, which stands, in the sight of each one of you, the picture of a glorious and venerable Sovereign. A picture more beautiful, or one which speaks more plainly to the heart, cannot be conceived. There is also my dear father, who as Crown Prince had already won for himself a place of honour in the annals of the army; and, finally, there is a long line of illustrious ancestors, whose names shine bright in history, and whose hearts beat warm for their soldiers.

"Thus we belong to each other, I and the army; thus were we born for one another; and firmly and inseparably will we hold together, whether God's will give us peace or storm. You are now about to swear the oath of fidelity and obedience to me; and I vow ever to bear in mind that the eyes of my forefathers are looking down upon me from the other world, and that to them I must one day render account of your fame and honour.

"The Navy knows that I have not only derived great pleasure from being connected with it as an officer, but that a warm and lively interest, which I share in the fullest harmony with my dear brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, has attached me to it ever since my earliest youth. I have learnt to know how high is that feeling for honour and the faithful

fulfilment of duty which exists in the Navy. I know that each sailor is willing joyfully to sacrifice his life for the honour of the German flag wherever or whenever occasion demands. And so I am enabled at this solemn hour to declare, with absolute assurance, that we will stand firmly and surely together, in good or bad times, in storm or sunshine, ever mindful of the fame of the German Fatherland, and ever ready to shed our hearts' blood for the honour of the German flag. With these aspirations God's blessing will be ours."

Various rumours and speculations have been current, for months past, with regard to the political sentiments of the Prince who is now called to the highest position in Germany. We refrain from citing them on this occasion, and will only quote a speech delivered by himself in February last, in which he took the trouble to notice some rumours concerning him. "In my rides through Brandenburg," he said, "the flourishing fields and the trades which I found in full activity clearly showed me where the true foundations of national prosperity and fruitful labour were to be found. I am well aware that the public at large, especially abroad, imputes to me a thoughtless inclination for war and a craving for glory. God preserve me from such criminal levity! I repudiate such imputations with indignation. But still, gentlemen," he added—he was addressing the Brandenburg Provincial Diet—"I am a soldier, and all Brandenburgers are soldiers. This I know. Therefore, let me conclude with the words which on Monday last our great Chancellor addressed to the Reichstag, which on that



THE NEW GERMAN EMPRESS, VICTORIA AUGUSTA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

day showed us the grand spectacle of the popular representation going hand-in-hand with the Government. Let me conclude by adapting to Brandenburg that sentence: 'We Brandenburgers only fear God, and nothing else in this world.'"

The Emperor William II. has also issued the following proclamation to his people:—

"God's decree has once more plunged us into the most poignant sorrow. The tomb has scarcely closed over the mortal remains of my never-to-be-forgotten grandfather, when His Majesty, my warmly-loved father, has also been called from this life into everlasting peace. The heroic energy, prompted by Christian self-sacrifice, with which, despite his sufferings, he knew how to fulfil his kingly duties seemed to justify the hope that he would be preserved to the Fatherland still longer. God has willed differently. The Royal sufferer, whose heart beat responsively to all that was great and beautiful, only had a few months granted to him to display on the throne also the noble qualities of mind and heart which have won for him the love of his people. The virtues which adorned him, the victories which he achieved on the battlefield, will remain in grateful remembrance as long as German hearts shall beat, and imperishable glory will illumine his chivalrous figure in the history of the Fatherland. Called to the throne of my fathers, I have assumed the government, looking up to the King of Kings, and have vowed to God that, after the example of my fathers, I will be a just and clement Prince to my people, that I will foster piety and the fear of God, and that I will protect peace, promote the welfare of the country, be a helper of the poor and distressed, and a true guardian of the right."

GREEK ART AT THE BURLINGTON FINE-ARTS CLUB.

The objects of Greek ceramic art, brought together at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club (Savile-row) appeal, for the most part, rather to the student and the archaeologist than to the ordinary *virtuoso*. Nevertheless, the very remarkable collection of "Tanagra" figures will appeal to the less "cultured" amateurs of Greek ceramics. Some of the vases, however, are decorated with figures of rare beauty, whilst others are interesting as showing the phases of taste in the most remote periods of Western civilisation. The oldest specimens are assigned to the eighth century B.C., or even earlier, and comprise three vases of pale-coloured clay with black figures. The vase or prochos (118), exhibited by Mr. W. Paton, is, perhaps, the most striking, with its fluted handle, terminated by the bust of a female looking into the interior of the vase. In other specimens we can trace the indebtedness of Greek art to its Egyptian and Assyrian forerunners: the Sphinx and the female-headed bird being borrowed from the one; the winged deities, or gryphons, and the processions of animals from the other. Vases of this character and period are attributed to Corinthian art, which preceded by a century the more distinctly Greek. The transition period is marked by a large wine-jar (97), lent by Mrs. Müller, which is covered with black figures, chiefly human, on an orange-red background. To archaeologists, however, the gem of the collection is the small cup, or rather saucer (1), of which the centre represents the head of Medusa, lent by M. Van Branteghem. The border is composed of four distinct subjects, in which the fight of Herakles and a centaur is the most spirited. The chief value of this hitherto unknown work is that it bears on the inscription the name of Pikopheles as both the potter and the painter, and makes the only use, so far as is known, of a special word to indicate the potter's share in the work. This cup, according to Dr. Fröhner's admirable catalogue, is the most ancient vase extant bearing the name of an Athenian artist, and is assigned by him to the seventh century B.C. Another scarcely less important contribution to the history of vase-painting is a cup (10) by Xenotimos, on which there is what may be regarded as an almost humorous treatment of the myth of Leda. It is of considerably later date than the previously mentioned saucer; red figures on a black ground having been substituted for black figures. Amongst the other attractive objects of this nature may be mentioned a cup by Euphronios (8), representing on the exterior a procession of eleven figures crowned with flowers; an Attic lekythos (120), probably of the time of Alexander the Great, with figures of great beauty drawn in outline; and an interesting series of small vases illustrative of the Dionysian festival of Anthesteria, in which young children played a very prominent part.

The Tanagra figures in this collection will appeal to a wider public than the decorated vases; and it must be admitted that some of the specimens exhibited are of remarkable beauty. How it happens that the small city of Tanagra, which played so silent a part in Greek history, teems with a variety of Greek art scarcely known elsewhere, except in Asia Minor, is a mystery not yet solved. That there were two distinct schools of "dolls" we gather by comparing the specimens lent by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, Eros as a youth (269) and the draped woman (270), both of which come from Asia Minor, with such figures as the veiled woman (246) lent by Sir W. Drake, and the seated woman (164) lent by M. Van Branteghem. In these the distinctive features of the two schools, which, nevertheless, had much in common, are clearly traceable. The Lyre-player (155), the young girl playing with knuckle bones (154), the two seated women (166), the girl with a fan (203), the game of Ephrebianos (219), and again the same subject (261), where it is still more delicately treated, and the mask or head of a young man (249), are among the gems of the collection. Whilst recognising the taste and energy of the Burlington Fine-Arts Club in bringing together for the first time a number of interesting works illustrative of ancient art, we must add a word of thanks to Dr. Fröhner for his lucid and at the same time learned catalogue. It will prove of the utmost use to the crude in such matters, and a sure and trusty guide to the ignorant, whilst it popularises in the best sense the results of antiquarian researches.

The foundation-stone of the new parish church for Hornsey is to be laid on Saturday, June 30, by Lady Magheramorne.

The Grocers' Company have given a cheque for £50 to the Ladies' Charity School for Educating Young Girls as Domestic Servants, Powis-gardens, Notting-hill.

Lord Wolseley, Lord C. Beresford, M.P., Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, Major-General Sir W. Butler, and other officers, with a number of members of the Press Club, were present in St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday, June 16, at the unveiling of the memorial to the War Correspondents who fell in the Soudan. Afterwards, at the Press Club, Lord Wolseley and Lord C. Beresford bore high testimony to the courage and devotion of Herbert, Cameron, Vizetelly, and Gordon, the four of the correspondents whom they had personally known.



THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR, WILLIAM II., KING OF PRUSSIA.

THROUGH THE PASS.

Rain is not to be heeded in the Highlands. It is the picturesque part of the weather here. The air grows fresher and sweeter in a shower, a richer fragrance comes out in the woods, and the true gloom and grandeur of the mountains can only be seen when the grey rain-veils are darkening and glittering among their glens. Even into the house steals the reviving freshness of the rain. The scent of the wet sweet-briar budding in the garden hedge enters at the open window; from the larch wood near, the grateful thrushes can be heard sending forth more liquid trillings; and the daffodils, hung like yellow jewels along the lawn, appear fairer and brighter in the shower. But better than wasting the day indoors it is to sally forth, strong-booted and roughly clad, breathe the freshness of the cool, new air, and start, staff in hand, for the hills themselves. It is worth while to defy the rain, for the road lies through woods dewy and dim as Keats dreamed for his "Endymion." In their deep-secluded ways sometimes may be seen the timid roe deer, and on the fragrant air be heard the amorous crooning of wild doves.

In another month the quiet dells among these woods will be purple with dewy hyacinths, and many a sequestered nook will be dim with the blue forget-me-not. Already the open meads are sprinkled with patins of buttercup-gold, and a modest spot of cream here and there, under some mossy bank, betrays a late primrose. As yet, however, the delicate broiery of summer has not carpeted the forest floors. Under the dark, low-hanging branches of the spruce-firs—made a richer green by the rain—there is only a russet wealth of withered fern, with a warm depth of shadow such as Rembrandt loved to paint. Looking over a mossy old bridge parapet into the ferny dingle below, one can see the feathery grey larches powdered with sweet pink blossom, whose beauty few people know; and lower down, by the burn, the alders putting forth silky silver bud-tips—the "mouse's ear" which is the angler's sign that perch are to be caught. In open spaces where some forest-clearing has been done, the few silver-barked birches left standing begin to show a smir of green, their graceful drooping branches looking like trailing sprays of delicate maidenhair: whilst here and there a spot is lit up by the golden glory of the whin. The woods at this time of year are full of life, for the cruel gun is silent, and many a happy home of bird and beast is hidden in the tangled undergrowth. In the elm-tops about the lodge behind by the river the rooks are giving each other much grandmotherly advice as to the rearing of broods. The cock pheasant's crow is to be heard frequently in the covers, and sometimes, from his open feeding ground beside the path, a splendid bird rises suddenly with whirring wings, and sails away to more secluded fastnesses. Among the thick-leaved tangle of wild rhododendron on either hand blackbirds are fluttering joyously about their nests. Overhead, occasionally, passes the heavy, rushing flight of a wild pigeon. And more than once across a gleam of sunshine on the path runs a red squirrel, like a bit of living gold.

And while one treads on the brown, fallen needles of spruce and larch, the subtle forest scents fill the heart with many pleasant memories. Never are these forest scents richer than when brought out by a shower, and it is curious how vividly some faint perfume drifting on the air will recall the happy scenes of other days, memories that are themselves the pensive fragrance of old age.

Through these ducal woods, and amid such pleasant sights and sounds, some seventy years ago wandered Walter Scott, the "Wizard of the North," gathering material for his romance

of "Rob Roy"; for it was in the ancient priory not far away, by the lochside, that he was staying, they say, when he wrote part of that tale. Fairer scenes a poet could not have chosen to gather inspiration from. Everyone may feel the eloquence of those northern hills in front, as everyone may enjoy the perfume of the meadow violets. It needed a poet, however, to turn into speech the eloquence of the hills, as it needs a bee to turn into honey the fragrance of the flowers. Hither, therefore, fitly came Scott to his work; and over clachan and mountain he has woven alike the golden net of romance.

One may wander for miles through these woods and out beyond upon the old Highland road, with its low, mossy dykes, without meeting a single wayfarer. Only Nature herself, with gentle and sweet suggestion, speaks to him of the past or of the future. For the touch of the fresh cool air upon the face clears away all cobwebs of sordid thought, and braces the faculties for new endeavour. Here, too, may be witnessed many a matchless transformation scene. For presently the rain ceases, the grey mist melts into the lucent blue of the sky, and wet hill and woodland sparkle and glow in a flood of hot sunshine: the shallow trout burn that comes down to the stepping stones under the edge of the wood laughs gaily and dances over its pebbles; the mountain in front becomes a great sapphire burning gloriously under the blue; the larks rise, true sun-worshippers, pouring forth rills of song, libations to their God, at heaven's own gate; and from the twittering coppice flutter the vain chaffinches, with purple velvet heads, gold breasts, and silver-barred wings, to show themselves. Never do the vaunted birds of the tropics sing so joyously as these sweet hedge-warblers of Britain, and, ages before the alchemists came, thrush and robin and yellow-hammer had found out, and were content with Nature's own philosopher's-stone—sunshine—which, like love and like human genius, turns all it touches into gold.

Steep as a wall in front rises the mountain barrier of the Highlands, its wooded and inaccessible shoulder projecting far into the loch. Only one passage is there through that rocky wall, and the road to it winds perilously round a little bay, between darkening precipice and lapping wave, before ascending the narrow and unseen defile. Daring would the assailant be who tried that steep and narrow path with a Highland foe above him! Scarcely more than a bridle-path, and steep as a staircase, it winds upward between rugged mountain walls. A single clansman, posted with gun and claymore behind one of its jutting crags, might hold the road against a regiment. High and dark overhead against the sky rise sombre pines and immemorial holly-trees, which from their torn and shattered girth might be—

Seedlings of those that heavenward sprung
While yet the maiden moon was young—
ancient enough, at any rate, to have looked down on many a Highland foray. No one need marvel that the Macgregors thought themselves safe when they had driven their spoil through the Pass of Balmaha. And glorious as well as welcome was the sight that met them when once actually through the defile. For away to the north, far as eye could range, ben beyond ben rose the fastnesses of their native mountains, silver waters flashing below round islands of fern, and the blue sky laughing above. Every glen had its memory, and every corrie was their inheritance, and even the traveller of the present day can know no more gorgeous spectacle than Ben Lomond after sunset burning in amethystine fire. For more reasons than one, therefore, might these rough old warriors rejoice when they had scaled the pass and beheld before them this wild but lovely vista of the country they called their home.
G. E.-T.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Abbey and Mr. Parsons, who have on more than one occasion worked together, now furnish the materials of a pleasant exhibition at the Fine-Art Society Gallery (New Bond-street). Mr. Abbey has been engaged in illustrating Goldsmith's favourite comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," and the artist shows himself fully at home in the "old-fashioned house" in which so much of the scene of the story passes. Mr. Abbey, we are glad to find, is not too hard upon Tony Lumpkin, and hints in most of his renderings of that strange character that the lad had in him the makings of something better than appears on the surface. Unfortunately, Mr. Abbey's conception does not seem always consistent, but this is by no means to be wondered at, seeing how often the ordinary reader of novels or plays alters his idea of the various characters as the story develops itself. Mr. Parsons, in addition to designs for the decoration of the introduction, &c., to Goldsmith's comedy, contributes a number of drawings in black and white, which display his sympathy with Nature—whether in the simple forms of flowers and plants, or in the more elaborate studies of woodland and coast scenery. In these his delicacy of perception and clearness of design and purpose are brought into play, and give a fair notion of the pains which Mr. Parsons bestows upon his larger paintings in oil or water colours.

The three brothers Maris occupy in contemporary Dutch art an almost unique position, for, although the fame of the eldest, James, has, so far, eclipsed that of his brothers, Matthew and William, their works are almost equally prized by collectors. At the Goupil Gallery (Messrs. Bonssod, Valadon, and Co., 116, New Bond-street) there is now brought together an interesting collection of works which throw much light on the points of contact and divergence of the three brothers. The youngest, William, is especially happy in his rendering of happy cottage life and scenes of bright sunshine and green pastures. Matthew delights in single figures, elaborate and careful studies in which he can depict purpose and character; as, for instance, in "The Young Housekeeper" (9) and "The Doves" (12), which, by-the-way, are pointer-pigeons, but are only introduced as accessories to the clever study of a girl at a fountain filling her copper jug. James Maris's work ranges over a wider field. In his earlier days he was attracted by the homely religious phase of art, of which the "Ave Maria" (20) and "The Cradle" (17), painted in 1869, are amongst the best instances. Scarcely less striking is the reposeful rendering of "An Old Dutch City" (11), around which the sluggish canal winds, and which, to our mind, is in pleasing contrast with such works as "The Grand' Rue of Amsterdam" (49), or even the "View of Dordrecht" (37). His taste next seems to have led him towards the seashore, and it is to this period that belong some of his most successful works—such as "Cloud-land" (54), "The Evening Effect on the Plage" (27), and the more animated scene, "Waiting for the Boats" (22). In his more recent pictures James Maris seems to have worked more hurriedly, and to have aimed at seizing general, though fleeting, impressions, rather than at producing effect by patient and sympathetic labour.

Dr. Alexander Hill has been elected Master of Downing College, Cambridge.

The last Children's Orchestra Concert of this season will take place at the Westminster Townhall on Saturday evening, June 30. Since the formation of this orchestra in 1886 by Mr. Percy Armytage, the young musicians have been able to give over £1000 to various children's charities.

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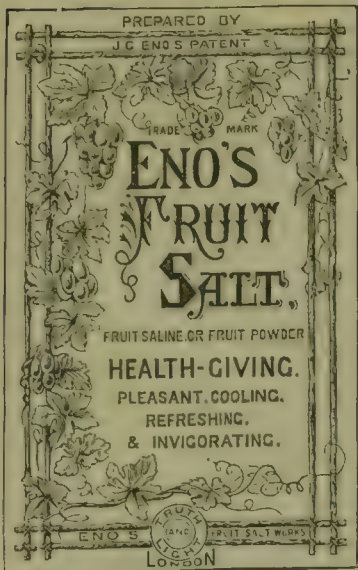


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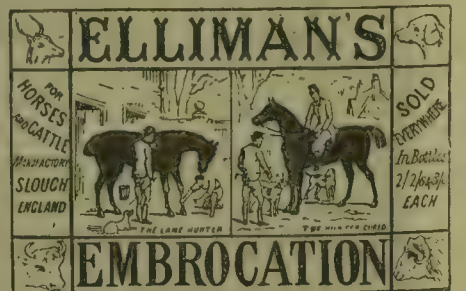
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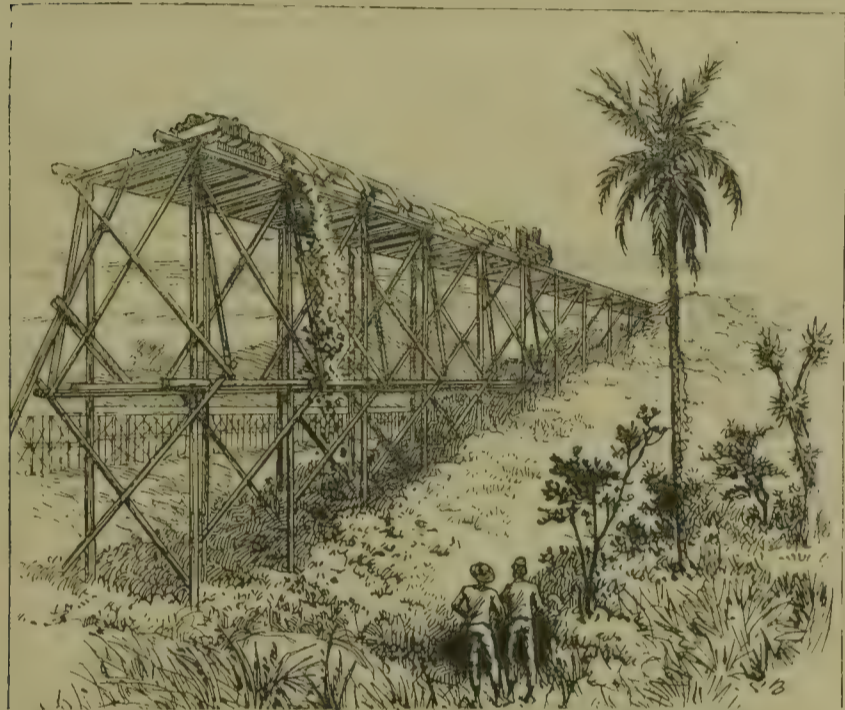
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



VIEW NEAR BUHIO.



THE CANAL NEAR MINDI, LOOKING TOWARDS GATUN.



MODE OF EMPTYING TRUCKS OF EARTH, AT CULEBRA.



AMERICAN DREDGER AT WORK, AT BUHIO.



LABOURERS RETURNING FROM WORK.



STREET SCENE IN THE VILLAGE OF CULEBRA.

THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.

In our publication of last week a correct account was given of the plan and works of this great constructive enterprise, with some illustrations, which are continued this week, furnished by the sketches we have received from Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, in his mission "Across Two Oceans," already explained to our readers. The "Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interocéanique de Panama," founded by M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, at Paris, in 1880, is engaged in making an open canal, at the sea-level, without locks, across the Central American Isthmus, from the Atlantic shore at Colon (Aspinwall), in the Gulf of Mexico, to the mouth of the Rio Grande, in the Bay of Panama, on the Pacific Ocean side. The entire length of this Canal, including a

channel to be dredged in the shallow water of the Bay, will be not quite forty-six miles; its depth will be 29 ft. 6 in.; its width at the bottom will be 72 ft.; at the top, 131 ft., dimensions rather larger than those of the existing Suez Canal. The only great difficulties in the execution of the work are found in the necessity of erecting an immense dam and diverting the junction of the River Chagres with the Obispo, to prevent their flooding the country between Emperador and Colon; and secondly, in cutting through the range of hills, 360 ft. high at Culebra for one mile, and 200 ft. high at Emperador; the hill region, altogether, covering about nine miles of the route of the proposed Canal. It is entirely a question of the amount of cost and labour required for these enormous earthworks; the rest of the work is mainly dredging and digging in comparatively easy ground; and the operations are much

facilitated by the aid of the Panama Railway, which has been purchased by the Panama Ship Canal Company. The expenditure already incurred has been more than £46,000,000 sterling, and £24,000,000 will be required to finish the work; but there can be no doubt whatever of its practicability, if money enough can be got to continue the operations a few years longer.

The illustrations presented in our last were a Sketch Map of the Isthmus, showing the line of the intended Canal, the principal villages and stations, the rivers, the railway, and the seaports on each coast; a Portrait of M. Ferdinand De Lesseps; a large Engraving (two pages) with a View, looking west, of the actual scene at the works in the Culebra cutting; another View of the Culebra cutting, taken in the opposite direction; a Sketch of the negro labourers digging the new channel to alter the course of the Chagres river; and two of the powerful

steam excavating and dredging machines, which have proved very effective. In connection with his further Sketches, given in this Number, our Special Artist may be allowed to record, in his letters from Colon, where he arrived on Feb. 25, the observations he made at the Panama Canal works, and his reflections on their plan and progress. He writes as follows:—

"I am not prepared at this moment to name the seven wonders of the world; but I am certainly disposed to say that the eighth wonder of the world will be the Canal which is now being constructed between Colon and Panama, in Central America. I feel that it *must* in a few years be completed, and it will enable ships of almost any tonnage to pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean in twenty-four hours. I feel the same as all those who have been over the ground: that it would be a crying shame, even a disgrace, to the world at large, that such a grand undertaking should be allowed to drop. More than half the work is finished, the machinery is on the ground, and is hard at work, in many places by night as well as by day. And when we remember that only half the amount of money already spent is required to complete the work, I repeat, it would be a mistake and universal disgrace not to finish it.

"The town of Colon, on the Atlantic side, is not particularly beautiful or interesting, except for its cosmopolitan character. Three years ago, in 1885, during the last revolution, the original Colon was destroyed by fire, and the new city presents now rather the character of an American town. The houses, wharves, shops, magazines, and even the streets, are wholly constructed of wood. The front street of Colon might almost be said to be unique; half the roadway is taken up by the railroad company; and woe betide the careless driver of a carriage or cart who attempts to cross the street without looking right and left! It is true, the engine-stoker rings a sonorous bell all the time the train is travelling in the street; but the ear becomes so familiar with the sound, that at last one is apt to pay no attention to it. I chanced to see a wretched mule which refused to draw a cart with goods any further; he planted himself in the centre of the track, in face of an advancing train. Great were the efforts made both to push him on and to stop the train. The railroad track is of wood, and the carriage-way, as also the footpath, is of the same material; in fact, everything is made of timber. The town, although not the healthiest in the world, is certainly not nearly so bad as is usually reported; but there is a damp heat, which is truly appalling, and which keeps you in a state of moisture day and night. The people of the town are composed of every nationality in the world, and the costumes, though anything but picturesque, have a variety not to be met with, I believe, in any other place.

"The work on the Isthmus, employing 12,000 men, is actively going on, with the machinery already fixed and in good order. The scenes are curious. The men are paid once a fortnight and on a Sunday. It is quite remarkable how cleverly the time-keepers keep count of the many hundreds and thousands under them; and also, how very accurately the men themselves know how many hours they have worked in the fortnight. For it must not be imagined that these men work every day. When they think they have done enough, they remain away, and are lazy, smoking and drinking; and again, when they feel inclined, will return and work hard and well. Hence the difficulty of timing them. But when I saw them paid (which took six hours to do it at Tavernilla) there was only one trifling mistake. It was certainly very interesting to notice the different countenances and styles of hats and dress, as M. Musnier was paying them.

"As soon as the men are paid and have left the shed, they are pounced on by the women who have been supplying them with liquor, principally rum, on the tally system, and also with board and lodging. In most cases a warm argument goes on with regard to the number of drinks the woman has supplied the man with at his work. For these women carry baskets of spirits and a kind of native beer on to the works, and they are allowed to supply the men with what they choose; but if a man gets drunk, the women are sent away, and not allowed to return. Hence there are no cases of drunkenness during working hours, although it costs so little to get drunk on the vile rum that is supplied.

"After the day's work there is a general rush for the villages, and lucky are those who are in time to catch an engine, and thus save many miles of walking. When I saw them I was only surprised that the men and women did not try to get *into* the engine as well as *on* it; they crowded on every conceivable part, almost hiding the engine from sight.

"The street-scene in the village of Culebra is a sample of the streets in nearly all the villages on the Panama Railroad. The employers and work-people on the Canal live in these little towns, which abound in stores and rum-shops, and gambling-tables. Most of the workmen on the Panama Canal are negroes from Jamaica; but there are men from all parts. The Barbadians are reputed the laziest and most impudent of all. There are also Kroo-boys from the West Coast of Africa, and these make good workmen. The woman in the foreground of my Sketch is a pure Columbian."

We have refrained from expressing any opinion with regard to the financial prospects of the undertaking, or the pecuniary means likely to be forthcoming to effect its completion. It might prove far from remunerative to the original shareholders, though profitable to the contractors; yet there can be no question that British mercantile and colonial interests, above all others, will derive great benefit from the opening of direct navigation, by the shortest possible route, between the two main oceans of the globe. If such a canal were available, it would be used for our commerce with the Pacific States of North America, which is now represented by over 700,000 tons a year, and by a value of nearly £9,000,000 sterling; it would be used for half of our trade with Mexico, which employs 180,000 tons of shipping annually, and a declared value of about £2,500,000; and it would absorb the whole of our trade with Chili and Peru, which gives employment to between 500,000 and 600,000 tons of shipping, and is officially valued as worth about £9,000,000 sterling per annum. But this, after all, is not its chief advantage to Great Britain. The many unsettled problems that still surround the question of the Suez Canal administration may at any time make it worth the while for England to possess yet another alternative route to her Australian Colonies. But for the existence of the Suez Canal, the Panama Canal route would be much more convenient than any other to those countries, and the Suez Canal has not been administered in such a way as to give entire satisfaction to British shipping. The traffic is frequently so congested that vessels take as many days to pass through as they should take hours if the passage were perfectly free. The dues are very heavy, and in the recent depressed state of the freight market, have been almost prohibitory. Of the total cost of transport to India, amounting to 22s. 6d. per ton, no less than 9s. 6d. per net ton, or about 40 per cent of the total freight, must be paid in Suez Canal dues. Under these circumstances, it is not a matter for surprise that not much more than 50 per cent of our total imports from Asia and our Australian Colonies, and not more than about 70 per cent of our exports to those countries, pass through the Suez Canal. The remainder is still taken by the Cape route, avoiding the

heavy Suez Canal charges, and the dangers and inconveniences of the frequent delays entailed by the congestion of traffic already referred to. The present value of our trade with our Australian Colonies, imports and exports, is about £50,000,000 to £53,000,000 sterling per annum. The Australian trade is our most rapidly increasing one, and the most hopeful and encouraging as regards the future, and it should be afforded every possible facility for development. It is, of course, by no means certain that, apart from differences of distance, greater facilities would be likely to be afforded by the one route than by the other; but our shipping interests would be benefited by a choice of routes, no matter how controlled; as in most other cases of rival claimants for support, competition would effect a remedy for evils that remonstrance has hitherto failed to cure.

NOVELS.

Ulu: An African Romance. By Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S., and E. Harris-Smith. Two vols. (Sampson Low and Co.).—Some readers may feel that Mr. Rider Haggard's marvellous African romances are more than strong enough; but this is no such tale of immortal Queens, in golden palaces, reigning by magic for thousands of years over nations dwelling in caves of the rocks, amidst subterranean winds and waters and fires. Mr. Joseph Thomson is known as one of the most distinguished of African travellers now living, whose expeditions to the Central Lakes, from 1878 to 1880—succeeding the late Mr. Keith Johnston—and through Masai Land to Lake Victoria Nyanza, in 1883, have added considerably to geographical and ethnological knowledge. The author of "Allan Quatermain" would hardly, we suppose, have written those passages which describe the Masai, apparently the fiercest race of savages in Africa, if Mr. Thomson's book of 1885 had not told us about the Masai. The present work, in which the joint authorship of Mr. Thomson and Miss Harris-Smith has a very pleasing effect, and makes a very agreeable and harmonious literary composition, is good fiction, based on accurate details of fact, and there is much likelihood, truth to nature, and consistency in its representations both of native life and of European character. It is, therefore, as different as possible from the works of Mr. Rider Haggard, but is not the less interesting on that account, while it is far more commendable to readers of mature taste and judgment. The localities are precisely those around the grand mountain of Kilima-njaro, a hundred and fifty miles inland from the eastern seacoast near Mombasa, which were minutely described by Mr. Thomson several years ago. The small map prefixed to this story, marked with route-lines to show the adventurous wanderings of its imaginary hero and heroine, Mr. Gilmour and Miss Kennedy, exactly corresponds with that part of the authentic map which Mr. Thomson furnished with his own narrative of travel. Every place named in "Ulu" is a place really existing, and its situation and scenery are correctly depicted; so are the different native populations, those of Chaga, on the woodland slopes or ledges of hill and dale below the south side of Kilima-njaro, and the Masai, who roam over an extensive region north-west of that mountain. All the particulars relating to their habits, manners, and customs, their ideas and speech, and the Masai mode of warfare, are faithfully reproduced in "Ulu" from the record of Mr. Thomson's actual observations. The external conditions, likewise, of all the actions and experiences of the principal persons in this romance: of Tom Gilmour, a young gentleman who has come with his Zanzibar and Swahili servants to live a sequestered life in the wilderness near Kindi; Kate Kennedy, the daughter of a missionary at a station he calls Pisgah, in the territory of the neighbouring chief Mandara; and Ulu, a pretty native girl, the child of Seri, who rules over another Chaga tribe at Kindi, are quite in accordance with probability. Their sentiments and motives, of course, and their mutual influence on each other, belong to the domain of fiction; and if, as we may fairly presume, Miss Harris-Smith has contributed largely to these ingredients of the novel, especially to the conception of the two female characters, at least to that of Kate Kennedy, she has done so with complete success. It will readily be divined that the sentimental interest of this tale arises from the development of love between Mr. Gilmour and Miss Kennedy, who dwell some twelve miles apart, but who are drawn together by various accidents, by the revelation of common sympathies, and finally by extreme perils, in which the virtues of manhood and womanhood are nobly proved. Meanwhile, poor little Ulu, cherishing a devoted affection for the "Bwana," her lord, who treats her only as a child, is saved by an early death from the grief of disappointed love. The delicacy of feeling, as well as the pathetic force, with which this simple theme is handled, must be put to the credit of the feminine share in the literary partnership, which deserves praise among the abundant writings of contemporary lady novelists. It is, however, to Mr. Thomson, no doubt, that we owe the charming figure of little Ulu—gracefully formed, and of a nice brown colour, when the nasty smearing of castor oil and smut is washed off—with the savage maiden's coy wildness, humility, fondness, and self-sacrificing courage in the service of her white master. She hopes only to be admitted to the second place among his wives, understanding that the "Bibi" or white lady, to whom also she is grateful for much kindness, must become his first wife, and she expects he will have about fifty others. Tom, for his part, though he has accepted Ulu from her father as a nominal bride, will be her protector in all innocence, and she is soon turned over to the care of Miss Kennedy, having been saved by his prowess from a lion that carried her off into the jungle. This adventure, and the other hunting and fighting scenes, the stirring actions and thrilling escapes from danger, are told by Mr. Thomson as well as they should be related by one so familiar with the realities of savage Africa. The captivity of Kate and Ulu in the Masai kraal, the artful contrivance of Ulu to persuade the Masai that the strange English lady is a sacred divine personage, the stratagem by which Gilmour, raising an alarm and setting fire to the kraal, delivers them from their captors, the subsequent flight, pursuit, and deadly combat, are equal to any similar incidents of African romance. Whoever has a fancy for the sanguinary play of spears and clubs against rifles and revolvers, may find enough of that sort here; and the hyena phase of human ferocity is exhibited in full strength. But Ulu, after all, with her dim, faint, incipient sense of duty and morality, her "little soul," which both her white friends were anxious to improve and educate, is the most attractive object of interest presented in this story.

Joyce. By Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—During the progress of "Joyce" through monthly instalments, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, it was repeatedly noticed by us with the due attention that every work of Mrs. Oliphant is apt to command. It has scarcely a plot, but only a remarkable situation, powerfully acting upon the natural affections of the heroine, and stimulating the tendencies of her character. We cannot say that, in the final issue of this problem, the authoress has been well-advised and successful. A young woman, born in Scotland and brought up in the cottage home of an honest couple among the rural peasantry, has been trained for the calling of village schoolmistress, and

has accepted an offer of marriage from a schoolmaster, Andrew Halliday. She did not really love him, but was too meek to refuse him. Her superior intelligence, her rare beauty, grace, and sweet disposition, have made her a favourite with Mrs. Bellendean, the great lady of the parish, and she is seen by guests staying at that lady's house. Among them is Colonel Hayward, an elderly gentleman returned from India, who had lost his first wife in her youth, having left her when he went to India; she was reported then to have gone out of her mind, to have strayed from the care of her friends, and her fate was unknown. Now, Joyce is discovered to be the child of this unfortunate lady, who died shortly after giving birth to the girl, leaving papers and tokens in proof of her parentage; but the good old people, Janet and Peter Matheson, have taken care of Joyce as if she were their own grandchild. The character of Colonel Hayward, a guileless, affectionate, impulsive old man, with the very best of hearts, who relies on his second wife, Elizabeth, for incessant help and counsel in all his doings, is portrayed with fine skill and humour. That of Mrs. Hayward, also, a true, warm-hearted, faithful woman, but rather inclined to resent her husband's absorbing love of his new-found daughter, and bitterly feeling that she has failed to give him any child of her own, is an excellent study of individual personality, in a very trying position. Indeed, we are compelled to regard the behaviour of this worthy conjugal pair, between whom the most perfect mutual attachment still prevails, since Colonel Hayward's first marriage was never a secret, with greater interest than we can take in Joyce herself. The laboured delineation of her simplicity is rather overdone; and she ultimately develops a taint of insanity. She might be allowed to regret a sudden change of fortune that separated her from the home and friends of her childhood; to be perplexed, and even distressed, by her removal into English fashionable society, with her shyness and dread of making mistakes; but the tenderness of her father, and the considerate kindness of her stepmother, should have soon put her at ease in this new situation. In the scenes at Richmond, where she goes to live at Colonel Hayward's pleasant villa on the banks of the Thames, a little too much is made of Joyce's rustic awkwardness; for she is a clever girl, with cultivated literary tastes, and, having been educated for a school-teacher, would not speak ungrammatically, though she might use the Scottish accent. To say "me," when she ought to say "I," is not permissible. There is, also, in the mixed company that she has to meet, including such clergymen and their wives as Canon Jenkinson and Mrs. Jenkinson, the Rev. Austin Sitwell and Mrs. Sitwell, and Sir Samuel Thompson, the rich soap-boiler, with his lady, a caricatured excess of oddity, a crude demonstrativeness, that does not harmonise with just ideas of polite social life. These scenes are tolerably amusing; but it is going too far to represent the industrious wife of a poor suburban clergyman eking out his scanty income by concocting fraudulent answers, in a popular newspaper, to silly correspondents who send their photographs to get their characters described in print. Nor would such a clergyman's wife be guilty of mocking and mimicking all her parish acquaintances, or of engaging in a mischievous intrigue. We refuse to believe that the ingenious young Scotchwoman, residing with persons like Colonel and Mrs. Hayward, could be exposed to so unworthy an exhibition of English manners. But she has to endure a more serious ordeal when Captain Norman Bellendean, the stepson of her former patroness, and the owner of a great estate, becomes her declared lover; while she feels bound, more or less, to the ill-bred, conceited, badly-dressed Andrew Halliday, who comes up from Scotland to assert his claim. Nevertheless, Joyce presently discovers that she does not love Andrew, and resolves that she will not become his wife; moreover, she does love the gallant Captain, but she will not marry him because she is told by Mrs. Bellendean that there is another young lady, Miss Greta, who will break her heart if Norman does not take her. Norman himself, as it seems to us, for a pattern gentleman, handsome, brave, rich, and distinguished, behaves hardly so well as might be expected, as he leaves Joyce with a suspended offer of his affection from August till late in November, goes away and does not write to her, while he permits Greta to fancy that his love will be given to herself. In truth, he has a temporary "cold fit" with regard to Joyce, being led to fear lest his social position at Bellendean might be impaired by marrying one who had been the lowly teacher of the parish school. The scruples of Joyce, however, when his suit is ardently renewed a few months later, are not founded, apparently, on any consideration for her lover, but on the fantastic notion, encouraged by an "oracle" of religious duty in the person of her friend Miss Marsham, that one girl ought to sacrifice her love for the happiness of another girl. She listens to Norman with silent rapture; she has not the heart directly to refuse him; she will have no more of Andrew; she affects compliance with the wishes of her kind old father, who is delighted to receive Norman as a future son-in-law; and then, what does she do? She runs away, causing infinite alarm and distress to her friends, travels alone from London to Edinburgh, spends an hour with old Peter and Janet, embarks on board a vessel at Leith sailing to unknown regions of the North, and is never heard of more! We call such conduct insanity, and it is to be remembered that her mother was insane. The actions of Joyce are not those of a heroine; mental derangement is the only excuse for what must otherwise be deserving of reproach as heartless caprice and a cruel desertion of those to whom she was bound in love and duty. The authoress may have designed this story for a sad example of the fatal effect of morbid sentiment, proceeding from "heredity," in the daughter of one who ran away to die, many years before, under the influence of emotional delusion. It is not an agreeable or wholesome subject for the novelist to deal with; and high talents like those of Mrs. Oliphant might still be applied, as in many of her former works, to themes of more natural interest, more truly reflecting the lights and shadows of human life.

Her Majesty has approved of Lord Wolseley retaining the appointment of Adjutant-General of the Forces for a further period of two years from July 28, that being the date upon which, under ordinary circumstances, his tenure of the post would have ceased.

Through the energy of the Rev. P. Macdonald, of Graigue, county Kilkenny, a new clock has been erected in the parish church tower. The work was intrusted to Mr. J. W. Benson, clockmaker to the Queen, Ludgate-hill, London, who has made a clock specially suited to the tower. It shows the time upon three copper dials, 4 ft. 4 in. in diameter, which are 30 ft. above the clock movement. The hours are struck on a bell of 18 cwt.

The School Board for London reassembled on June 14, after the Whitsun holidays. General Sim took his seat as member for Westminster, in place of Sir Guyer Hunter, M.P., who resigned; and Mr. Edward Thomas Hallaway, a barrister, was elected a member for Hackney, in place of Mr. Deacon, who also had resigned. A letter was read stating that Mr. A. G. Cracknell was at the recent Cambridge Mathematical Tripos bracketed sixth wrangler. He had been elected to the Brewers' Company (No. 1) Scholarship.

THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK OF GERMANY.

Death, knocking and calling with a summons equally peremptory, as the poet says, at the doors of Imperial and Royal palaces, and at the cottages of the poor, has carried away, not without long warning, the good, humane, upright and noble man, a Prince esteemed and beloved in his own country and in ours, the husband of our Queen's eldest daughter, the King of Prussia and German Emperor, the chief personage in the greatest nation of the European Continent, after three months of a reign passed "in the valley of the shadow of death," added to long previous illness; three months of languishing mortal suspense, heroically endured, still occupied with faithful care and punctual work for the benefit of his people, ever cheered by the radiant good-humour of a brave and manly spirit, and by unfailing family love. The Emperor Frederick is gone; he has joined his venerable father, the illustrious conqueror, the creator of United Germany; yet his name, and the fair masculine beauty of his personal character, and his example as a blameless Prince, a gallant soldier and virtuous gentleman, a just and wise Sovereign, will never perish in Germany or in Europe.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

And it is well for mankind, now and then, to be able to say that such a man has reigned, for however brief a period, exalted in rank above the rest of us, so that his character shall be as a light set on a candlestick, that cannot be hid, and men shall see thereby how to walk in their own paths of life, the humblest as well as the greatest aspiring to the common meed of human goodness. This praise, we honestly believe, is due to the late German Emperor, whose biography was lately written for our Journal, and is part of the well-known history of the time, so that no long recital of its events seems to be required. Nor is it needful to repeat the condolences and assurances of sympathy, which have already been expressed, with regard to the Empress now widowed, and her sons and daughters, whose immense loss and sorrowful bereavement can hardly yet be realised more than it has been in anticipation during the progress of his fatal disease.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nicholas Karl von Hohenzollern was born at Potsdam, Oct. 18, 1831, only son of Prince William of Prussia, in the reign of King Frederick William III., and of Princess Augusta, daughter of the Grand Duke Karl of Saxe-Weimar. He was, like other Prussian Princes, enrolled in the Army in his childhood, and on his tenth birthday was made a second Lieutenant of the 1st Foot Guards. His education was under the charge of Dr. Ernst Curtius, the historian of Greece; he studied at the University of Bonn from November, 1849, to Easter, 1852. In May, 1851, he visited England at the opening of the Great Exhibition; in the next year, he accompanied his aunt, the Empress of Russia, to St. Petersburg; he spent some months of 1853 and 1854 in Switzerland and Italy. He came again, in September, 1855, to visit our Queen and the Prince Consort at Balmoral, where he was happily betrothed to Victoria, our Princess Royal, then seventeen years of age. The manner of this engagement, with the feelings of true affection and mutual confidence which attended it, has been related by the Queen in her Highland Diary, and in the Prince Consort's letters. The marriage took place on Jan. 25, 1858, in the Chapel of St. James's Palace, London. The Royal bride and bridegroom, destined to thirty years of as true a companionship, a union of hearts and counsels and domestic life, as ever man and woman have enjoyed, were received at Berlin with enthusiastic congratulations. They resided in the Babelsberg Palace at Potsdam, and in the Crown Prince's palace in Unter den Linden at Berlin. His father was Prince Regent during the mental infirmity of King Frederick William IV., and succeeded to the throne as King William I. of Prussia in 1861. Prince Frederick William, now Crown Prince, could not then take an active part in political affairs, but disapproved of the despotic conduct of the Royal Government. He again came to England at the Exhibition of 1862. Both he and the Crown Princess occupied themselves much with the care of institutions for benevolent objects, and for the advancement of education, science, and art. Their studies and labours are pleasantly described by Miss Dorothea Roberts, in her little book, "Two Royal Lives," republished this year (by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin) with a new title, "The German Emperor and Empress." The Crown Prince, as a soldier, was called on to lead divisions of the Prussian Army in the wars that raised that military kingdom to the height of power. He held a command in the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1864, after which he was appointed Governor of Pomerania. In 1866 he commanded the Second Army, invading Bohemia through Silesia, in the brief conflict with Austria; he showed great vigour and ability, defeating the Austrians in several battles; and on July 3, arriving at Sadowa (or Königgrätz) just in time, helped his cousin, Prince Frederick Charles, and the King, to gain the decisive victory. This secured the expulsion of Austria from the German Confederation, and the supremacy and territorial enlargement of Prussia. In the winter of 1869, the Crown Prince travelled in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, and attended the opening of the Suez Canal. The war between France and Germany, breaking out in 1870, made it his duty, once more, to bear a leading part in scenes of bloodshed, which were ever uncongenial to his humane disposition. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army, composed of the forces of South Germany, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden, and the 5th, 6th, and 11th North German Corps. A humorous story is told of the hearty admiration with which "Unser Fritz" of Prussia was already regarded by the South Germans arrayed against Prussia in 1866. Visiting the wounded Württemberg soldiers in the field-hospital after the battle of Wörth, a sergeant said to him, "Ah, I was telling my comrades, if we had had you to lead us four years ago, we should have made short work of those rogues of Prussians!" The Crown Prince's army made short work of Marshal MacMahon in Alsace, drove him through Lorraine to the north, and greatly assisted in the victory of Sedan, on Sept. 1, and in the siege of Paris. King William was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles on Jan. 18, 1871. The Crown Prince, a Field Marshal, with many tokens of honour to reward his military services, returned to Berlin after the war. He visited our Queen in July that year, accompanied by his wife and children. The remainder of his life has been occupied with the peaceful progress of Germany. As Prince Imperial, the second personage of the realm, he held a provisional Regency during six months of 1878, when the Emperor-King was disabled by the wounds inflicted by an assassin. In March, 1879, he and the Crown Princess were again in England, at the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Their own daughter, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, was married in 1878 to Prince Bernhard, Hereditary Duke of Saxe-Meiningen; and in February, 1881, the eldest son, Prince William of Prussia (now Emperor) wedded Victoria Augusta, daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. The Imperial Crown Prince and Princess celebrated their silver wedding on Jan. 25, 1883. He presided, in September of that year, at the Luther Festival

of German Protestantism, at Wittenberg; after which he visited Spain and Italy, and had a friendly interview with the Pope at Rome. Last year, at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign, we saw the German Imperial Prince in London, the noblest figure in a chivalrous procession of horsemen, Princes in military attire, escorting her Majesty to Westminster Abbey.

The rest of the story of this brave and generous life is very sad. In May last year, a few weeks before he came to England, he began to suffer from inflammation of the throat. Dr. Morell Mackenzie then performed the operation of removing from the larynx a portion of the diseased tissue, which was examined microscopically by Professor Virchow, of Berlin. No indications of cancer were found; but in the latter part of the summer, after a sojourn with the Queen in the Isle of Wight and at Balmoral, the Imperial Crown Prince seemed in a worse condition. On leaving England, late in autumn, he and the Crown Prince were accompanied by Sir Morell Mackenzie and Mr. Hovell. They went first to Ravenna, on the Lago Maggiore, and removed in November to San Remo. The most eminent German physicians and surgeons were called in for examinations and consultations during the winter. On Feb. 9 the operation of tracheotomy was performed by Dr. Bramann, in the presence of Sir Morell Mackenzie; it was necessary, in order to prevent suffocation; a silver tube was inserted in the windpipe, through which the patient could breathe. He bore it well; and, though scarcely able to speak, he could eat, had little pain, slept soundly, rose in the mornings, took short walks daily, and employed hours in reading or writing, and in conversing by written slips of paper. The death of his father, the late Emperor William, took place on Friday, March 9; and the new Emperor Frederick, with the Empress Victoria and their daughters, next day started from San Remo, by special train, and travelled direct to Berlin, by way of Genoa, Milan, Verona, Munich, and Leipsic, arriving at the Palace of Charlottenburg on the Sunday night. On the next day, March 12, the Emperor Frederick issued a Proclamation to his people, in which he spoke of his deceased father:—"The faithful Prussian people," he said, "have lost their famed King, the German nation the founder of its unity, the newly-risen Empire the first German Emperor." Then, with regard to himself he added:—"Imbued with the greatness of my mission, I shall make it my whole endeavour to continue the fabric in the spirit in which it was founded, to make Germany a centre of peace, and to foster the welfare of Germany in agreement with the Federal Government as well as with the constitutional organs of the Empire, and also with Prussia. To my faithful people who have stood by my House throughout the history of a whole century, in good as in evil days, I offer my unbounded confidence. For I am convinced that on the basis of the unbreakable bond between Sovereign and people which, independently of every change in the life of the State, forms the unalterable inheritance of the House of Hohenzollern, my crown rests henceforward as securely as the devotion of the country to the government of which I am now called, and of which I solemnly promise to be the faithful King, both in happiness and in sorrow. God grant me his blessing and strength to carry out this work, to which my life shall henceforth be devoted."

But scarcely a fortnight had elapsed after the Emperor's accession before his illness again took an unfavourable turn. Consequently an Imperial decree, dated March 21, was addressed to the Crown Prince, expressing the wish of the Emperor that the Prince should make himself conversant with the affairs of State by immediate participation in them. His Imperial Highness was accordingly intrusted with the preparation and discharge of such State business as the Emperor should assign to him, and he was empowered in the performance of this duty to affix all necessary signatures, as the representative of the Emperor, without obtaining an especial authorisation on each occasion. This step, though a natural one to take in view of the Emperor's condition, gave rise to the most gloomy anticipations. The Emperor's health, however, temporarily improved, and on March 22 he was present at the memorial service in the Chapel of Charlottenburg, held in commemoration of his august father's birthday. He likewise attended to his State duties, and issued an Imperial rescript upon the condition of the Army and the new drill regulations.

It was announced on April 13, that, in consequence of a contraction in the Emperor's throat, a new cannula had become necessary. This change was effected, and his Majesty's general condition was not altered by it. But on the 14th the Emperor was not so well, and on the following day bronchitis supervened. A medical bulletin stated that the bronchitis was attended with high fever and quickened breathing: it was evident that he was once more in a critical state. Consultations were held on the 16th, and the Imperial family were summoned. But the worst symptoms passed away again; the Emperor temporarily rallied. It was after this, on April 24, that Queen Victoria visited Charlottenburg, and conveyed to the sick chamber of her son-in-law, amid the grateful appreciation of his subjects, the sympathy of the English nation. The Emperor's condition seemed to improve with warmer weather; and in May he was able to drive into Berlin, and to spend much time in the park at Charlottenburg.

The marriage of his son, Prince Henry of Prussia, to Princess Irene of Hesse, took place on May 24, and the Emperor was able to be present in the chapel at the ceremony. On June 1 the Emperor, with his family, removed to the Palace of Friedrichskron, at Potsdam, whither he and the Empress proceeded by boat from Charlottenburg. He bore the journey well, and the apparent improvement continued for some days. After this, however, he began to experience some difficulty in swallowing, and on Tuesday, June 12, the physicians feared the disease had spread to the epiglottis, which might have been pierced, as particles of liquid had passed into the air tubes. That night the Emperor became very feverish, and it was necessary to pass nutriment through a tube. On the 13th he was reported to be somewhat better, and it was stated that he had been able to take some solid food in the ordinary way. He rose and dressed in uniform to receive the King of Sweden, who visited him that day. But during the night a decided change for the worse set in; and on Thursday morning, June 14, it became evident that his Majesty's strength was sinking. The pulmonary affection supervened, and in the afternoon his breathing became difficult, and he gradually became weaker. His third daughter, Princess Sophia, approached his bedside, anxiously concealing her tears lest he should ask why she wept. It was her eighteenth birthday, and the Emperor was fully aware of it. He gave her a slip of paper, on which he had written with faint characters:—"Remain as noble and good as you have been in the past. This is the last wish of your dying father."

On Friday morning, June 15, the Emperor, though not unconscious, was in a state of utter prostration. Every now and then a smile flitted over his face, which wore an expression showing that he was not in pain. The last nourishment he took was an orange. The last present he received with a grateful smile was a basketful of water-lilies, such as he was wont to find in the Havel when he bathed there every summer. One of the last slips of paper on which he wrote

was addressed to Dr. Hovell, whom he asked at midnight how his pulse went and whether he was satisfied. After that the breathing became fainter, until it was scarcely perceptible.

At ten o'clock, Sir Morell Mackenzie stepped out of the Emperor's rooms, went to the Crown Prince William, who was waiting for him, and, after a few hurried words, they went into the large ground-floor room where the Emperor was breathing his last. He lay on a brass bedstead, his head raised by large pillows, his hand on the white coverlet. Sir Morell Mackenzie stood between the bed and a table on which were instruments and medicines. The Crown Prince William placed himself on the opposite side. The Empress was seated at the lower end of the bed, and afterwards knelt beside it, and remained in this position during the last hours, watching the faint gasps of breath. During the night the Emperor, when consciousness returned, had beckoned her to his side by a look, and as she bent low over him, had murmured a single word, and some short sentences which she alone understood. At the foot of the bed knelt the Emperor's four daughters, Prince Henry, and the two daughters-in-law. The Chaplain softly murmured the Litany. Princess Frederick Charles, who had brought some white roses, and an hour later strewed them over the Emperor's coverlet, stood with the rest of the family. At some distance were the members of the household. The servants crowded to the doors, and stood there with bowed heads and holding their breath. From time to time the recital of the Litany was interrupted by half-restrained sobs, the most heartrending being those of poor old Wendelin, the Emperor's trusted servant since the days of his youth. Every five minutes, Sir Morell Mackenzie, the other physicians standing behind him, felt the Emperor's pulse; it was growing weaker every moment, and was sometimes suspended altogether. The breathing was very short, and so faint that the physician was obliged to place his ear close to the Emperor's lips to distinguish it at all. At eleven o'clock, Sir Morell Mackenzie signed to the Empress, who fervently kissed the hand of the dying Emperor; and at twelve minutes past eleven it was declared that life had passed away.

The issue of the Emperor's union with our Princess Royal consists of two sons and four daughters. Of the latter, the eldest, Princess Victoria Charlotte, is the wife of Bernard, hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and the other three are unmarried. Of the sons, the eldest, Prince Frederick William Victor Albert (Prince Imperial), who now succeeds to the Imperial throne of Germany, was born in January, 1859, and is married to Princess Augusta Victoria, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, by whom he has four sons, the eldest, Prince Frederick William, now Prince Imperial, being born in May, 1882. The Emperor's younger son, Prince Albert William Henry, who was born in 1862, is mentioned above as having married Princess Irene, daughter of Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse.

The Society of Arts held a conversazione on June 20 at the South Kensington Museum.

Dr. Macdonald, M.P. for Ross and Cromarty, has been elected to the office of Coroner for North-East Middlesex.

Sir Richard Webster presided at the anniversary festival of the United Law Clerks' Society, held at the Freemasons' Tavern on June 13, when the subscriptions amounted to £650.

The twenty-eighth anniversary dinner of the Solicitors' Benevolent Association took place at the Hôtel Métropole on June 11, when the subscriptions amounted to £1370.

The Queen's gold medal, granted annually to the cadet of the school-ship Conway who shows the qualities that will make the finest sailor, has this year been conferred by his brother cadets on Albert Smith.

The Bishops of Ely and Carlisle have each contributed a second donation of £200, and the Bishop of Oxford has made a second donation of £100, to the Clergy Distress Fund, which now amounts to £41,824.

The second annual report of the Inspector of Sea Fisheries has been published as a Parliamentary paper. It states that the total tonnage of fish received in London during 1887 was 170,463 tons, as against 168,354 tons in 1886. The quantities seized as unfit for food during the two years were in 1886, 1100 tons, and, in 1887, 997 tons.

A meeting was held at Kent House, Knightsbridge, on June 14, in furtherance of the work now being carried on in Miss Ada Leigh's well-known homes in Paris. The founder stated that the properties employed in the benevolent efforts among English and American young women and orphan children had been bought and sustained by gifts amounting to £75,000, mainly received from persons resident in England.

The jubilee of the Chichester Diocesan Association (in the formation of which Cardinal Manning, at that time Archdeacon of Chichester, took a leading part), was celebrated on June 14, and attracted a gathering of Church people from all parts of Sussex. During the fifty years of its existence, the association has raised £108,000, and grants for churches, clergy, and schools have been distributed between 280 of the 358 parishes of the diocese.

The Bishop of Bangor on June 12 consecrated a church at Glanadda, Bangor, which has been erected at the cost of Mrs. Symes, Gorphyswfa, as a memorial to the late Dean of Bangor. The same lady has also endowed the church and erected a parsonage, the total cost of her gift being about £20,000. Mrs. Symes has presented Bangor Cathedral with a reredos as a memorial of her brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Holt, and has placed in the south apse a memorial-window to Dean Edwards. The daughters of the late Dean have given the baptismal font and Lady Penrhyn the altar frontal.

The twenty-ninth anniversary of the English Church Union was observed on June 14 with special services in five hundred churches, and two meetings in Prince's Hall. Viscount Halifax, president of the Union, occupied the chair at the afternoon meeting, when it was agreed to present an address to the Bishops when they assemble at Lambeth in conference. The Earl of Glasgow presided at the second meeting, when a resolution protesting against legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister was carried.

The Suffolk Agricultural Society held its annual summer exhibition at Ipswich on June 14. Mr. Walter Gilbey, Elsenham, took the principal prize for horses other than Suffolks, Mr. Alfred Smith, of Rendlesham, being the most successful with Suffolks. The Duke of Hamilton took the second prize for two-year-old colts, and Colonel Barlow the prize for thoroughbred horses. One of the features of the show was the capital exhibition of red-poll cattle: Mr. Tyssen Amherst, M.P., the Duke of Hamilton, and Lord Bristol were among the prize-takers. In the sheep class Lord Bristol was highly successful with his Suffolk black-faced sheep; the other prize-takers being Lord Ellesmere, Mr. J. Smith, and Mr. Gittus. Lord Bristol took the prize for the best collection of Suffolk sheep. In the Southdown classes Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., and the Duke of Hamilton carried off the honours. The Duke was the principal winner of prizes for black pigs, and Mr. Amherst, M.P., and Lord Bristol were successful with the white pigs.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



EXCAVATING, WITH TRANSPORTERS OF EARTH, AT TABEMILLA.



VIEW OF THE CANAL WORKS AT BUHIO, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST.

ACROSS TWO OCEANS: THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



PAYING LABOURERS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT TABEMILLA.



LABOURERS AND TALLY-WOMEN DISPUTING AFTER THE PAYMENT OF WAGES.

DUCK-DECOYING.

Duck-decoying is one of the oldest methods of taking wild fowl. It has been practised for centuries, and, perhaps, nowhere with greater success than in our own country. Owing to its insular position, Britain has always been a great resort of fowl, and in times past it was visited by myriads of swans, geese, and ducks, many of which annually remained to breed. The marsh and fenlands of the south-eastern counties constituted tracts alike favourable for food and nesting, and, for the most part, the birds were undisturbed. But, as the plough invaded their haunts, the marsh was converted into corn-land, and from that time the breeding sea-fowl have steadily declined in numbers. The oldest decoys were merely adapted sheets of water; but when these, by virtue of having been drained, were no longer available, artificial ones were constructed in likely situations and were planted round with timber to secure their privacy. Many of the decoys were farmed by fowling, and the more valuable afforded a considerable source of revenue to the owners. Speaking of the dwellers in Croyland, Camden says: "Their greatest gain is from the fish and wild ducks that they catch, which are so many that in August they can drive at once into a single net 3000 ducks." He further adds that they call these pools in which the ducks are obtained their corn-fields, though there is no corn grown for miles round. For the privilege of taking fish and fowl three hundred pounds sterling were originally paid to the Abbots of Croyland, and afterwards to the King. Although the "driving of ducks" was allowed, a code of fen laws decreed that neither nets nor engines should be used against the fowl "commonly called, moulted ducks" before Midsummer Day yearly. In the early days of the decoys enormous quantities of fowl were taken in them. As many as 31,200 duck, teal, and widgeon were captured near Wainfleet in a single season, and 2646 mallards in two days. In these early times it is said that a flock of wild ducks has been observed passing over to the Fens in a continuous stream for eight hours together.

Lincolnshire is pre-eminently the land of wildfowl, and at one of the smallest decoys—that at Ashby—where the records have been carefully kept, it is seen that from 1833 to 1868 48,644 ducks were captured, 4287 being the best take for any one year. Both now and in times past the ducks have always been sent to the London markets, and constitute an important item of food supply. The waters of the decoys are, of course, always fresh, and, being mostly frequented by surface-feeding ducks, the great majority of the birds taken are held in estimation at table. It is true that widgeon and other of the diving ducks are sometimes driven to the decoys by rough sea weather; but these are too wary to enter the pipes, nor do they stay after the storms have abated. The ducks which constitute the commercial supply are mostly mallard and teal, with a few widgeon, and a sprinkling of the rarer or marine kinds, according to season and the severity of the weather. I have before me a complete record of the fowl taken at one decoy for nearly a century; and this is interesting, as showing not only the number of ducks, but also a record of the various species. That the migratory fowl return to the same waters year after year is confirmed by the fact that at the Ashby decoy a "grey" duck with a conspicuous white neck spent eight winters there; and an abnormally coloured one visited it regularly for four or five years.

The duck-decoys, once common throughout the country, fell into general disuse about the beginning of the present century; and their decline has been contemporaneous with the improvements made in firearms and all relating to shooting. Often as

many marine ducks are bagged by one shot from a punt gun as the fowler can take in a day, and whilst the former can follow the birds, the latter must wait for their coming before he can commence decoying.

Duck-decoying is one of the most interesting phases of woodcraft, and skilled modern fowling is as rare as trained falconers. Moreover, decoying is one of the fine arts—how fine, only the initiated know. The decoy-man surrounds his craft with as much mystery as the old fish-poacher; and fowling secrets are often kept in families for generations.

The best decoys are those about two or three acres in extent, and surrounded with wood. On larger ones fowl are difficult to work, and although there may be thousands on the water, none may be near enough to a "pipe" to regard either the dog or the "call" ducks. Before speaking of the actual working, it may be well to give a general outline of a decoy. Imagine, then, a stretch of water about the size indicated, and having five or six radiating arms or inlets—a figure represented exactly by a star-fish, or the body and legs of a spider. The arms, called "pipes," curve away from the main pool, so that it is impossible to see more than a short distance up them. They are also arranged that whichever way the wind blows one or other of the pipes may be approached without getting to windward of the quick-scented fowl. The pipes are covered over with netting, and gradually diminish in height and width till they terminate in a "tunnel-net." Wooden palings bound these; they are built obliquely, overlapping at regular intervals, and connected by low barriers. By this arrangement anyone standing behind the palings is only visible to whatever is further up the "pipe," and cannot be seen by the occupants of the pool. This, then, is the general structure; and now we must look to other matters essential to the general working of the decoy. About midsummer the "call" ducks are put upon the water, and their training is at once taken in hand. As this is an important part of the process, the ducks should be young, made very tame, and taught to come to any pipe from all parts of the pool when they are whistled. These have been pinioned to prevent their flying away, and cannot leave the lake. Still another requisite is a well-trained dog. Custom has always established that this shall be as red and "foxy" looking as possible; and certainly dogs of this colour prove especially attractive to wildfowl.

About the beginning of September, mallard and teal begin to congregate in the decoys, and a month later, if easterly winds prevail, there will probably be a flight of fowl from the north, consisting of mallards, teal, widgeon, pochards, and shovellers. These are attracted to the decoys by the resident birds; but more because it is their habit to fly off at dusk and return at daybreak to sleep and enjoy themselves in the fancied security of the reedy pool. Nothing requires more care and judgment than the successful decoying of ducks. It is carried on most successfully between nine and ten in the morning, and three and four in the afternoon. In open weather the fowl are captured almost entirely by means of the dog, but as soon as frost sets in they are taken by feeding them in the pipe, and keeping a piece of water constantly open near it. And now, as to the actual working. If the birds are sluggish, the trained dog cleverly works them from the bank, and either drives or attracts them by curiosity to the pipe to be worked, being also aided by the decoy ducks and induced to stay by finding corn scattered about. By skilful manipulation the fowl are worked up the pipe, the dog trotting in and out of the reed screens and luring them further and further away. Soon they have made sufficient progress to

enable the man to show himself, and this he does, at the same time waving his hat. Retreat to the pool is cut off, and the terrified birds rush up the pipe only to find themselves in the narrowing tunnel-net which terminates it. This is at once detached, and the final scene is the wringing of the ducks' necks by the decoy-man. As all the pipes curve to the right, the decoying is unseen from the pool, and one set of fowl can be "worked" whilst others are sleeping or preening themselves in fancied security on the lake. Further aids to concealment for the working of the decoy, other than those enumerated, are banks of earth and brushwood running parallel to the palings.

As sportsmen would rather shoot fowl than snare them, the decoy is mostly interesting now-a-days to naturalists and antiquaries. To show their value, however, in times gone by it may be mentioned that a corporation has been known to invest trust funds in one, and that a decoy in Suffolk which sent a ton and a half of wild fowl to London four times a week realised £1000 a-year. In this decoy 16,800 ducks were captured in a single season.

J. W.

The annual pilgrimage of Scotch Roman Catholics to Iona, in honour of St. Columba, the patron saint of the diocese of Argyll and the Isles, has taken place. The steamer Grenadier, specially chartered for the occasion, left Oban early on June 13 with more than 800 persons on board.

A deputation from the National Rifle Association have waited upon the Hon. D. R. Plunket, M.P., Chief Commissioner of Works, at the Office of Works, to urge that the association should be permitted to hold the rifle competitions in Richmond Park; Mr. Plunket promising to look into the matter closely and report to his colleagues.

The Board of Trade have awarded gold and silver shipwreck medals as testimonials to eleven persons who formed the crew of the Faro life-boat, which rescued, under circumstances of extreme difficulty, the crew of the British steamer York City, of West Hartlepool, wrecked on Faro Island on Dec. 23 last.

Dean Bradley presided over a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, on June 13, when it was decided to commemorate the name of Richard Trevithick, the eminent inventor, by endowing an engineering scholarship in Owen's College, Manchester, with a sum of £1000, and also, if the funds should admit, to establish a triennial medal in connection with the Institution of Civil Engineers. The party subsequently inspected the window which has been erected in the north aisle of the Abbey to Trevithick's memory.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, on June 14, its silver medal was awarded to Mr. George Edward Kelly, and the thanks of the institution to two other men in recognition of their gallant services in rescuing four men from the sailing-boat Alice, of Castletown, which capsized off that port on April 23. Rewards, amounting to £175, were also voted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £7332 were made on some of the 291 establishments of the institution. Amongst the contributions recently received were £1000 from a Lady at Manchester, to defray the cost of the new life-boat to be placed at Torquay. New life-boats were sent during the past month to Broadstairs, Chapel, Littlehampton, Rhyl, St. Anne's, and Sutton, on the English coast; Banff, Port Errol, and Southend (Cantyre), Scotland; and Tyrella, Ireland. New life-boats were also ordered to be provided for the Buckie and Skegness stations.

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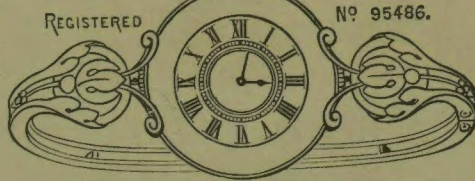
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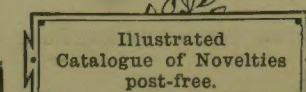
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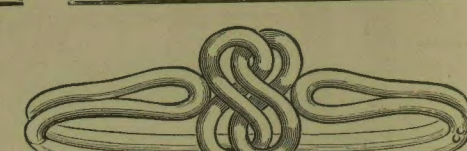
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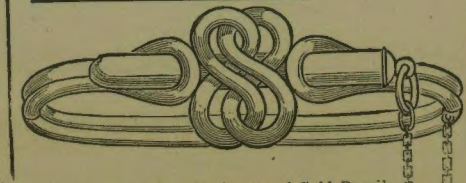


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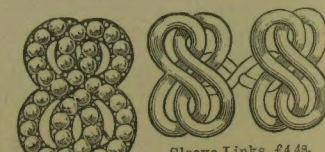


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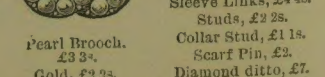
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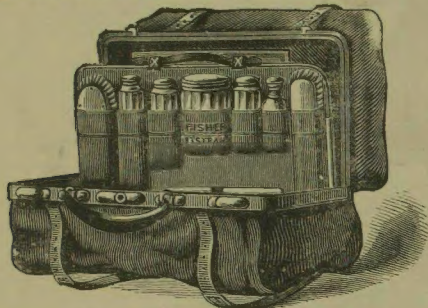
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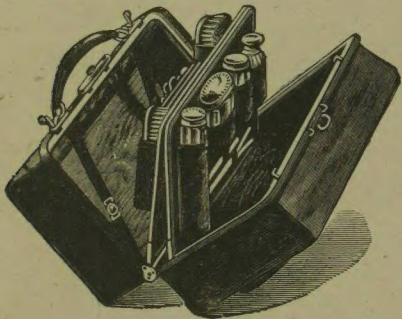
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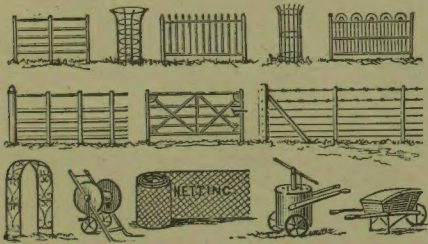
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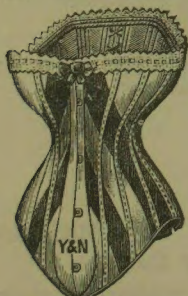
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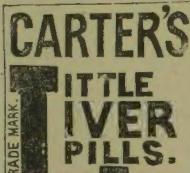
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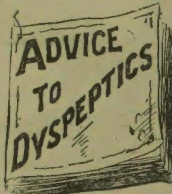
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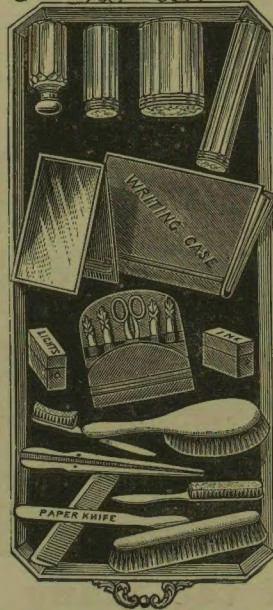


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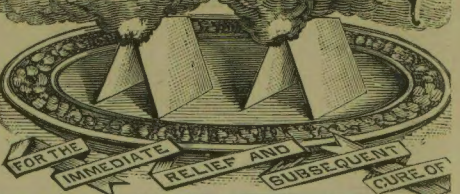
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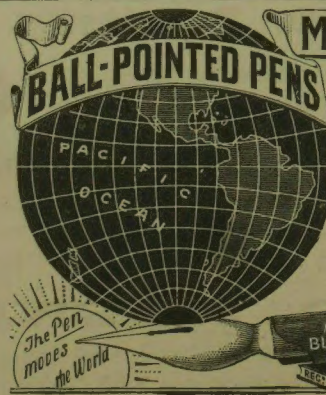
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